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Summer 1993

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Letters to: Kinky Affairs

Minimal Restraint

My husband and I have been into bondage for a long time. I spent our honeymoon tied spread-eagled on the bed in our hotel suite, my mouth stuffed with my panties and my pussy stuffed with Jimmy's dick or various other dick-shaped objects. He's been tying me up and fucking me silly ever since. I love it! When I'm tied, I feel so helpless—and there's absolutely nothing I can do about it when he stimulates me! I can just let go and come my brains out.

In the basement of our house we have a "bondage corner." It's a rush to walk down the stairs in front of Jimmy, buck naked and barefoot, with my pussy dripping in anticipation. In the "bondage corner" there's various kinds of stocks and pillories and wooden frames. There are also two posts with steel rings fixed to the sides. Lately, that's what Jimmy's been using. He can tie me between the posts, either standing, squatting, or even standing on my head, and he can reach every square inch of me for tickling "torture" or sexual stimulation. I love being tied up and teased for hours.

Recently, we've been experimenting with something we call "minimal bondage." Part of the thrill for me—for both of us, in fact—has always been my nudity when I'm bound. I love being tied up, but only when I'm totally naked—as exposed and bare

as possible. Jimmy likes me to be naked, too; he calls it my "fucking suit." He likes me bare as a newborn baby, without even a barrette in my hair or nail polish on my fingers or toes.

Now ropes cover a little—we like the restraint when I'm stripped—but it's frustrating to have even a little of my bare skin unexposed. So, we've tried to figure out ways to restrain me, but still leave me completely bare.

We started by switching from rope to wire. Jimmy had me down in the basement in our "bondage corner," squatting between the two posts with my ankles and wrists wired to the steel rings. It's important not to struggle when you're wired down; the thin wires can cut your skin. I don't struggle much anyway—it's not the fight that gets me. It's knowing I can't move.

Jimmy suddenly had an idea. He unwrapped the wire from around my right ankle—and then he looped the wire twice around my little toe and twisted it to the ring.

It was perfect. It covered nothing at all, and I couldn't move my foot in any direction. Jimmy grinned at me. I was breathing hard, my face flushed bright red.

"I like it," I said.

"I can see that," said Jimmy. "So do I. . ." He quickly wired my other little toe to the other post, then wired my pinkies to two higher rings. I was squatting with my hands lifted to the level of my ears.

I was forced to stick my bare chest out. My big tits were displayed prominently, and they wobbled and swung when I moved. My pussy was hanging open. My red, swollen, moist lips flared slightly, clearly visible because Jimmy keeps my pussy shaved bare.

Jimmy's dick was hard as a steel bar. He was jacking it slowly.

"Baby, you're so bare. . .tied up in your fuckin' suit. . ."

His dickhead was swollen and purple, and his big balls were drawn up tight to his crotch. His face was red, too.

Jimmy started fingering my pussy. I spasmed and arched, but I couldn't escape his probing, twisting finger. He had oiled his hand, and I was felt up, fingered and clit-teased till I was slippery and gleaming down there.

As always, Jimmy stopped to take pictures, and I licked my lips and made cat faces at the camera while sticking out my shiny cunt, displaying my hairless, embarrassingly red genitals. I was obviously sexually excited—my hole was cherry-red and swollen, visibly pumped up and ready for cock.

Jimmy teased me some more till I was gasping on the edge of coming. The tiny wire restraints on my little toes and pinkies were incredibly exciting. Then Jimmy turned on the video camera, slid under me, and guided his dick up into my red, dripping hole.

I bounced, wired up and naked, on Jimmy's big dick in front of the camera for what seemed like thirty or forty minutes. (When we played it back, it was only about fifteen.) I

came nine times—I counted them.

Since that night, minimal bondage has been our thing. When we go on our occasional "public punishments," Jimmy just uses the wire to tie my little toes and pinkies to anything he wants, usually a lamppost or a fire hydrant behind me. Then he slides a big ole vibrating dildo up my bare cunt and videotapes me squirming and shaking, totally naked, in public orgasm. We do it early in the morning, when it's first light. There's nothing like coming hard on a big electric cactus dildo, jerking naked in the glaring light of the rising sun, wired by your fingers and toes. Sometimes I'm wired to the goal post on a football field, and sometimes to a statue in the town square.

Jimmy has even taped me coming while wired to the bumper of a police car; squatting in the back of a pickup truck while going down the road in broad daylight; straddling a bench in a public park, toes wired to the legs and pinkies wired behind my back, a huge knobby dildo stuffed into my shaved pussy. I creamed all over it, eyes wide over my ball gag.

But now I think Jimmy's come up with the ultimate minimal bondage. He ties threads around my little toes, and then he puts the thread through my pierced earlobes and ties it off.

There's no restraint on my hands or arms at all, but I have to hold my ankles back beside my ears or the thread will break. My pussy is wide open, sticking out all red and exposed, and he can do anything to me that he wants to do. Because if I let one thread break, Jimmy has sworn he'll invite all his bondage-freak friends for a video party.

Someday I'm going to break my threads, just to see if he really will. I'll bet I really come my brains out then!

Darlene and Jimmy

Pure Bliss

My name's Jake, and I'm a twenty-year-old student at a local college. I live at home because it's cheaper for me.

Myra, my father's third wife, insisted I call her "mom"—even if she was not a blood relative. When I was younger, I did; even knowing that she was a thirty-eight-year-old "retired" whore, who had become my father's sex-hungry slave. She has the body and looks that can make the heat uncoil in my balls, and get my near-eight to pounding.

My father, Tom, was a strong and scary man to everyone, and Myra loved to cower at a mere glance from him. She was like a June bride, I thought with an inward smile: Knew she was going to get something, but didn't know how much! Tom was liable to fuck her cunt, wriggling and humping on the kitchen table, as he was to slam cock up her asshole, for just happening to be bent over for any reason. She couldn't wear her size 38D bras, nor her size forty panties in the house. He wanted her available—for anything, at any time, and didn't care who saw it done.

Then, one day, a few months ago

he disappeared. It took Myra and me that long to discover that a young twat had also disappeared at the same time. He'd taken all of their money out of the bank, too.

It was a good thing I was loaded. I was my grandparents' favorite—so life went on. Myra just went around dolefully until I realized that she was horny to the nth-degree, and ideas began entering my head. I saw that Myra'd started wearing her undies again. That was what got me into "slave-ownership."

I came downstairs from my shower wearing a terry-robe. Myra sat watching TV. I spoke flatly, "Take your shower, Myra, and while you're up there, lose the undies for good."

She gasped and her pretty face flamed hotly. Her eyes widened and brightened as she went into that cower of hers.

"Yes. All right," she said, eyes downcast.

Her firmly high rump squirmed as she walked away and upstairs. Just giving her her orders had stiffened up my throbber!

Awhile later, a fragrant and beaming Myra came down. Her creamy nakedness gleamed through her filmy peignoir; her big-firm tits bobbling and rubbing her twig-like nips to it. The dark wedge of fur climbed up the curve of her belly. I got up and said, "Kneel down and suck my cock."

She gasped and colored. First, I don't think she's ever seen my cock. Second, she swallowed and near-whispered, "Oh! Ohh my! Your. . .T-Tom didn't want any o-oral loving at all, you know Tom. He was just so, well, so macho, I guess."

"I'm not Tom, Myra. And you'll suck my cock. Now!"

Down she went, snatching my robe open. "Oh! Oh dear God, what a lovely. . ." she squealed up at me with supreme joy in her face, and then she attacked me ravenously, wildly.

Man-oh-man she sure had missed her meat-munching! She fisted the old tool and droolingly washed my swinging balls until she took each one into her licking mouth and drove me up a wall by gently sucking them. She lapped my perineum until I bleated hotly. She lapped and sucked her way up my shaft, then got my cockhead in the ring of her lips and tongued it to damned near a too-swift come.

This broad may be getting old, but she sure as hell acted as young as I was, and then some! Down she deep-throated me. I got the head of my horny life until I was left howling out a royal jisming that nearly broke both my ankles.

Horny, hungry Myra greedily milked my balls to their dregs and flopped back in my chair, moaning, "Oh, Jesus—Jesus Christ!" A pearl of jism oozed out of my Cyclops-eye and hung there, glittering. Myra daintily licked it away, gazing up at me with her soul in her eyes.

"Oh thank you, Jake! From the bottom of my heart!" she whispered. And then she pushed her face under my balls, breathing into my asshole.

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I shuddered hotly. Naturally, no man can stand hot-breathing lancing his asshole for long. My cock was re-awakening. Reaching down, I startled her by stroking her hair. "Let's go to bed," I said, adding, "my bed. Tomorrow you clean out Tom's stuff in your room, replace it with mine."

She smiled with joy in her face when I held and kissed her, tenderly cupping her steaming crotch. On the stairs I stopped her by a touch on a hip. "Bend over, Myra. Put your hands on the next step in front of you."

She gazed back at me, flaming incredulously, and did it, with a soft, inquiring whine.

I gazed at the full, meaty pouch of her slot. When I kissed it, she wailed quaveringly. I kissed her sweet ass and she bucked uncontrollably. She looked back when I stopped, and I spoke directly into her face, "I'm going to tongue-wash you, all over!"

She gasped out a cry, and hunched the air. I swear she came!

She arranged me as if I was a feast for her, on my belly. I was draped over pillows, my ass squirmingly high. My balls and cock dangled, spasming hotly. Myra was having what she had been missing for all the years she'd belonged to Tom—licking, lapping and sucking. The use of her hungry, droolingly-wet mouth and tongue! She lay on her belly, on her elbows, and she was eating me.

"Ahhhhhhh Jesus Christ! Christ! Cchhrriissttt! Ahh!" I shrieked out, writhing in my sea of sweet agonies.

Myra's face was buried in the chasm of my cheeks, just above my sluicily-dripping balls and cock. She was plastered to my asshole, now a hole of quivering, open meat. Myra was tongue-fucking it with her searing organ of speech, fucking my mind away into that Heaven reserved for the well-licked.

She pulled away and put her dildo in my hole and my cockhead in her mouth. The dildo hummed maddeningly. I screamed out, my hot and simmering jism pumping out of my balls into her greedily siphoning mouth. I really think I passed out! I awoke, lying on my back with my dead cock being slowly resurrected in her gently working mouth.

Later, we lay on our sides, her leg over my hip. My cock was sleeping in her pussy, throbbing and unmoving. I felt the working and clasping spasms of her pussy in its afterglow. Myra looked back at me over her shoulder, and once again her heart and soul were in her eyes. The fist of her pussy squeezed my cock again. That, my friends, is happiness!

Mike and Myra

Streams of Pleasure

A few months back, I was invited to a party given by one of my sorority sisters. I had no idea what I'd be in for at the start. But, I was sure we'd end it with a bang. We always

did! I can assure you of that.

By the time I arrived, everyone was there. I glanced around. No guys. Well, that was nothing new. We were the "elite" who didn't need guys to have fun. We made our own fun. . .and satisfied each other.

Lana (not her real name) led us downstairs to her "playroom." Everything was arranged against the walls. In the center of the room was a huge, rubberized mat.

"You're the only one not initiated, Helen," Lana said, handing me a drink.

"Initiated?"

"You'll find out soon enough," she said, downing her drink.

"We are all going to have a wrestling match first. . .with hot oil all over us!" she said excitedly, and she looked around at the others. They nodded and quickly began removing their clothes. She handed each of us a vial of hot massage oil. Everyone chose partners, leaving me teamed up with Lana.

I downed my drink and Lana urged me to down another. "It will take the edge off," she said.

I downed the second drink. Lana poured the oil into the palm of her hand and rubbed it over my smallish breasts. She always did know how to excite me. Her palms brushed lightly over my nipples, hardening them instantly. A wave of desire flowed through me. I downed another drink.

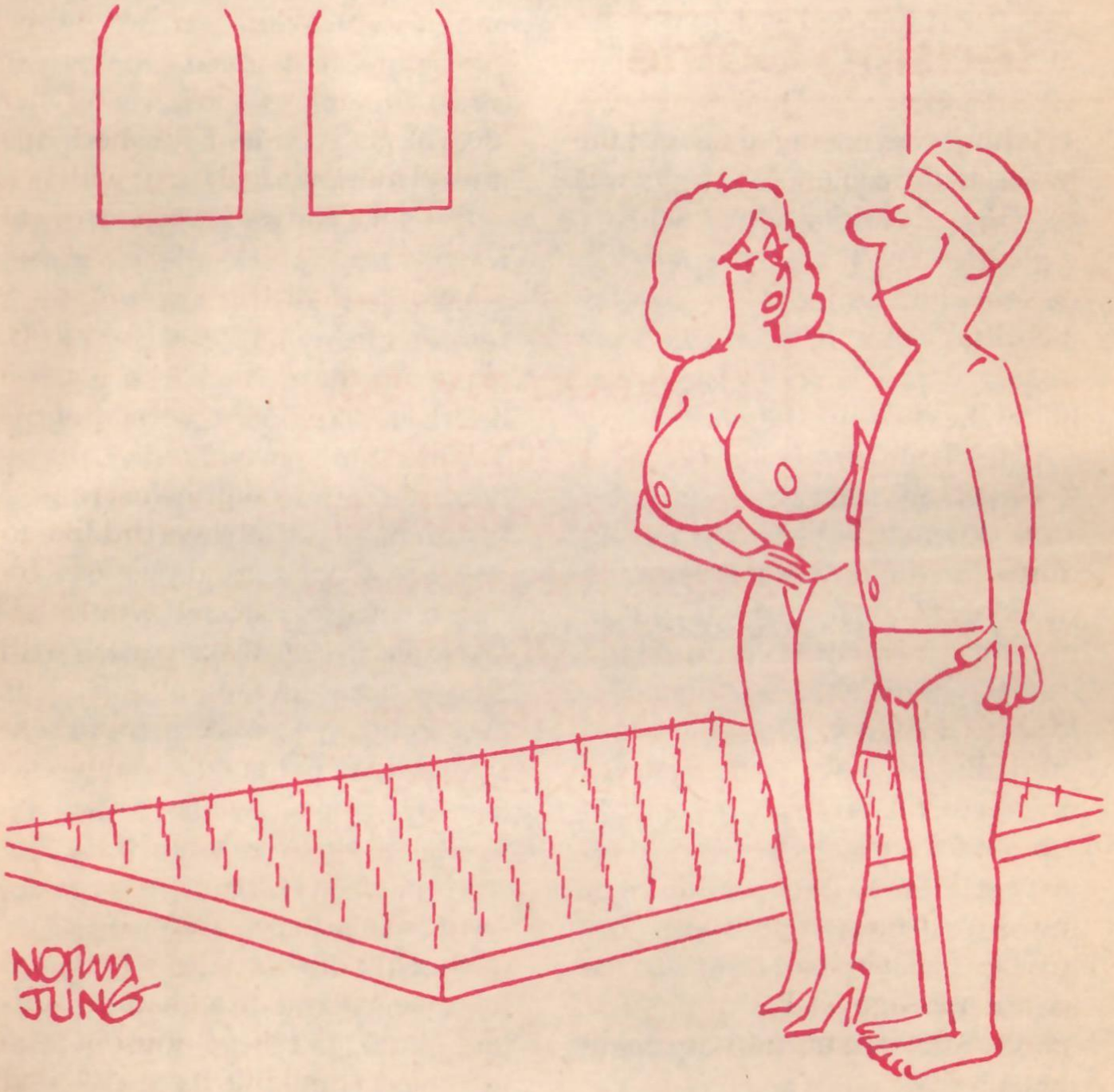
Lana poured more oil and thrust her hand between my legs, the palm moving in circles over my pussy. Just before I was about to come, she stopped and told me to oil her down. As soon as I finished, she pulled me down to the mat with her.

We rolled around, slipping out of each other's grip. We laughed and played like a couple of kids. Then she was on top of me, her tits and pussy pressing against mine. I always did like to grind pussies with her. I would always come. With the oil, it was easier—more sensuous. Maybe this was the initiation!

"I spread my legs and wrapped them around her waist. We pumped and ground together like bitches in heat."

I spread my legs and wrapped them around her waist. We pumped and ground together like bitches in heat. I wanted to come, but couldn't. I had the sudden urge to relieve myself. The drinks. I shouldn't have downed them! Suddenly, I let go. Lana pumped and ground faster. Our pussy lips had spread open slightly and we were clit to clit. This was the most fantastic come I'd ever had with her!

"You have now been initiated," she said, rolling off me in exhaustion.



"Why do you always get to be on top?"

The others took their turn with me. When I think back to that night, I still get turned on by those streams of pleasure. Drink anyone?

Helen, Lana, and friends.

Teasing Game

I'm a petite nineteen-year-old, and I can look even younger when I want to. This is especially true when I wear my old school uniform or my cheerleading outfit. My husband is ten years older than I am, and we frequently play kinky sex games that highlight our age difference.

One of our favorite kinky games is something we do on a Saturday or some other day when both of us are home for the day—or at least the morning. I'll get up early and put on my old schoolgirl uniform. I'll go into the bathroom, "accidentally" leaving the door wide open, and plop my butt down on the seat. Sitting there, I'll start to do myself, but I'm careful not to get too worked up just yet. I'll time it so that I'm frigging myself pretty good when my husband gets up and heads for the bathroom.

He's seen me masturbating many times before, but it never ceases to turn him on tremendously—especially as the thing that wakes him up on a Saturday morning. He'll stand there and watch me for a few minutes while I'll keep on going, pretending not to notice him.

"God dammitt!" he'll suddenly scream. "I've warned you girls about playing with yourselves in the lavatory before."

"I'm. . .I'm sorry, Mr. Carlyle," I mumble as I try to cover myself, embarrassed at being caught by the principal doing something very naughty in the girls' room.

"Get dressed and see me in my office immediately," he tells me. "Needless to say, you're going to be punished for this."

Quickly I pull my panties up, frustrated at not being able to finish what I started on the toilet, and reassemble my uniform carefully. I make sure that everything is perfect before I report to Mr. Carlyle's office. The last thing I need is "dress code demerits" to add to the punishment I'm going to get already.

When I get there, Mr. Carlyle doesn't waste a second before he tears into me. He likes to yell at the students, but this is the worst I've ever seen him. He yells and screams so bad that I'm quickly reduced to tears by his harsh words. He doesn't want to listen to me when I say I'm sorry, or when I promise never to do anything like that again. He tells me that what I did was disgusting and that I should learn better self-control, and that there is something wrong with me if I can't learn better control of my sexual desires. He says that I'm a pervert for playing with myself in the girls' bathroom.

Suddenly, something dawns on me. "What were you doing peeking into the girls' room, Mr. Carlyle?" I ask him, "Why were you in there watching me in the first place?"

"Why you insubordinate little bitch," he screams back. "I'll teach you to talk back disrespectfully to your elders."

Infuriated even worse, he drags me up to the bathroom forcibly, and with even more of his harsh yelling and screaming. "It's time to clean out your dirty mouth, young lady," he tells me.

I dread what I hear—that's his way of telling me that I'm going to get my mouth washed out with soap. I hate that, and I've had it done to me enough times to know of what I speak. He gets me a fresh bar of soap and into my mouth it goes. I start to gag as the soap dissolves in my mouth and I'm forced to swallow that foul-tasting, soapy liquid.

"Clean that mouth out good," he yells. "I don't ever want to hear you talk like that to me or one of your teachers."

Throughout all of this, he never does explain to me why he was in the girls' room in the first place.

Finally, he lets me take the soap out of my mouth and lets me get a drink of water to wash the taste out of my mouth.

"That's not the only part of you that needs cleaning out," he says to me. I look at him puzzled, having no idea what he is talking about. "I need to clean out your dirty cunt as well," he tells me matter-of-factly, as he picks up the soap. "If you had a clean cunt you wouldn't need to masturbate it so bad."

I look at him and begin to cry at the thought of that soap invading my privates. But pretty soon, my uniform jump suit is unzipped and my underwear is down at my knees. With a "This is for your own good, young lady," he starts washing my cunt out with soap as well. He pretends to be punishing me this way, but as you can well imagine, it really drives me wild. As he rubs the soap all over my pussy and nudges my clitoris and moves it in and out and all around, I feel invaded but oh-so hot.

Pretty soon it really does become a "punishment," because I can't stand being teased with the soap any longer. I want a big, hard dick to be stuck up there, instead. When my husband is done teasing me—and not a minute before—he provides the big, hard dick. It is ecstasy.

Lisa and Jules

Lovely Lesbian

I'm a very fortunate lesbian. Fortunate because I'm a real voyeur, and my best friend, Vanessa, really knows how to put together a good show. There's nothing she loves better than talking a girl into acting out one of her bizarre scenarios and then inviting someone over to watch.

I don't see Vanessa all that often. Neither of us is rich in time since we're both involved in the corporate world, traveling and putting in long hours. When we can spend time together, we usually wind up at our favorite downtown lesbian nightclub. We fit in well there since we're

both pretty butch and so are most of the other patrons. The place features nude go-go dancers—of course, all female. Oddly, the dancers are all fabulous-looking lipstick lesbians, young and uninhibited. I've got to admit that I've lusted for some of those naked baby dolls.

Vanessa's a bold one. One Friday night she got one of those nude pretties to sit at our table between sets. They got close quickly, and I was fairly certain that Vanessa would take the girl home and start working on one of her live performances.

I left early, knowing that I'd get a call the next afternoon if my friend scored.

My phone rang at around one o'clock. "Beth, you have just got to get over here and see this girl in action," Vanessa said when I answered. "I've been having a ball with her. She's even wilder in private than she is on stage. Use your key to let yourself in. I'll be busy in the basement. I've talked her into going onto the rubber mat."

I was on my way! The rubber mat meant that Vanessa was going to indulge in her kinkiest fetish—mud. She'll mix up a big batch of mud and spread it all over this big green mat she has. She loves to get a girl naked and make her roll in it. After that, her imagination takes over and anything goes. It's a real kick to watch her put a muddy, nude girl through all kinds of rigorous ordeals. The girl usually winds up begging for more.

I came down her basement stairs just in time. The dancer had on a purple robe, and she was on her knees. That's Vanessa's type—submissive and eager to please.

"You can strip out of that robe of yours right now, Milaki," Vanessa was saying, in quite a commanding voice.

I reached the bottom of the stairs just as the girl stripped. I'd seen her naked at the nightclub, but somehow Milaki's young, bare body looked even better in a private setting. She had a lithe dancer's figure. Her body was fairly hard, but her curves had a nubile, blossoming look about them. Her breasts were a little smaller than they'd seemed on stage, but they were perky. Likewise, her cupcake ass. Her dark hair fell stylishly around her shoulders, cut in different lengths.

Vanessa ordered her to stand up. She looked up to see me staring at her unclothed form, but that didn't bother her. She stood, making a

"She began smearing the girl with mud, massaging it into her breasts, smacking it on her feet and legs. The girl looked so seductive."

shameless display of her charms. I got a good look at her wispy pussy—pretty and mound-like.

"I think it's time for Milaki to make a few mud pies," Vanessa said to me and then turned to the nude girl. "On the mat, young lady."

The rubber mat was in the center of the basement, and it was covered with fresh mud. Milaki went and stood in the middle of it, the mud slushing on her feet. Vanessa told her to lie down on her tummy. When she obeyed, Vanessa told her to start rolling around.

I took a seat on the stairs. Things were getting good. My friend pulled on a pair of rubber boots and walked out onto the mat where that naked thing was squirming in all that mud. She was getting wet and filthy.

Vanessa stood over her, looking a little peeved. "Get all of you in it," she said to the dancing girl. "Coat yourself."

Milaki plunged into it when she saw Vanessa's grim look. It almost seemed like she might be enjoying being put through that scene. She lay there on her back, splashing her hands in the goo, kicking her feet, wiggling her bare butt into it.

Vanessa laughed at her antics and reached down to grab two handfuls of that icky stuff. She began smearing the girl with it, massaging it into her breasts, smacking it on her feet and legs, even rubbing it on her face. Milaki looked so helpless under my friend's domineering hands.

Vanessa flipped the girl over and spread that mud all over her bare ass. She spanked that ass as she did it, her hand stinging the unprotected flesh right through the mud.

Milaki started wallowing in the mud without being told to, burrowing her nudity in it. When she turned to look at me with a glazed look in her eyes and a seductive smile on her lips, I knew what was happening to her. She was becoming aroused by the way she was being treated!

Vanessa saw it at the same time. "You've had enough, sweet thing," she said to that girl. "I think the mud's done it's job. You're ready."

She took Milaki by the wrist and walked into her laundry room where she stood her over a floor drain. Then she hooked a garden hose to a faucet.

We took turns hosing the muddy girl. What fun! We kept right on spraying the cool water on her even after her smooth body was clean and glistening, the water sparkling on that flawless skin.

Vanessa kept making her turn in different directions, hosing those plush buttocks, spraying the water straight at that unprotected pussy. Milaki loved it! She'd stand with her feet apart, her legs spread, welcoming the water right onto the swollen V between her legs.

We dried her off and took her to a bedroom. By that time she was shivering with anticipation, knowing that we wanted her for our pleasure.

Once again, she was put on her knees, this time on the edge of a bed. I was the first to drop my pants and enjoy Milaki's expert tongue on my

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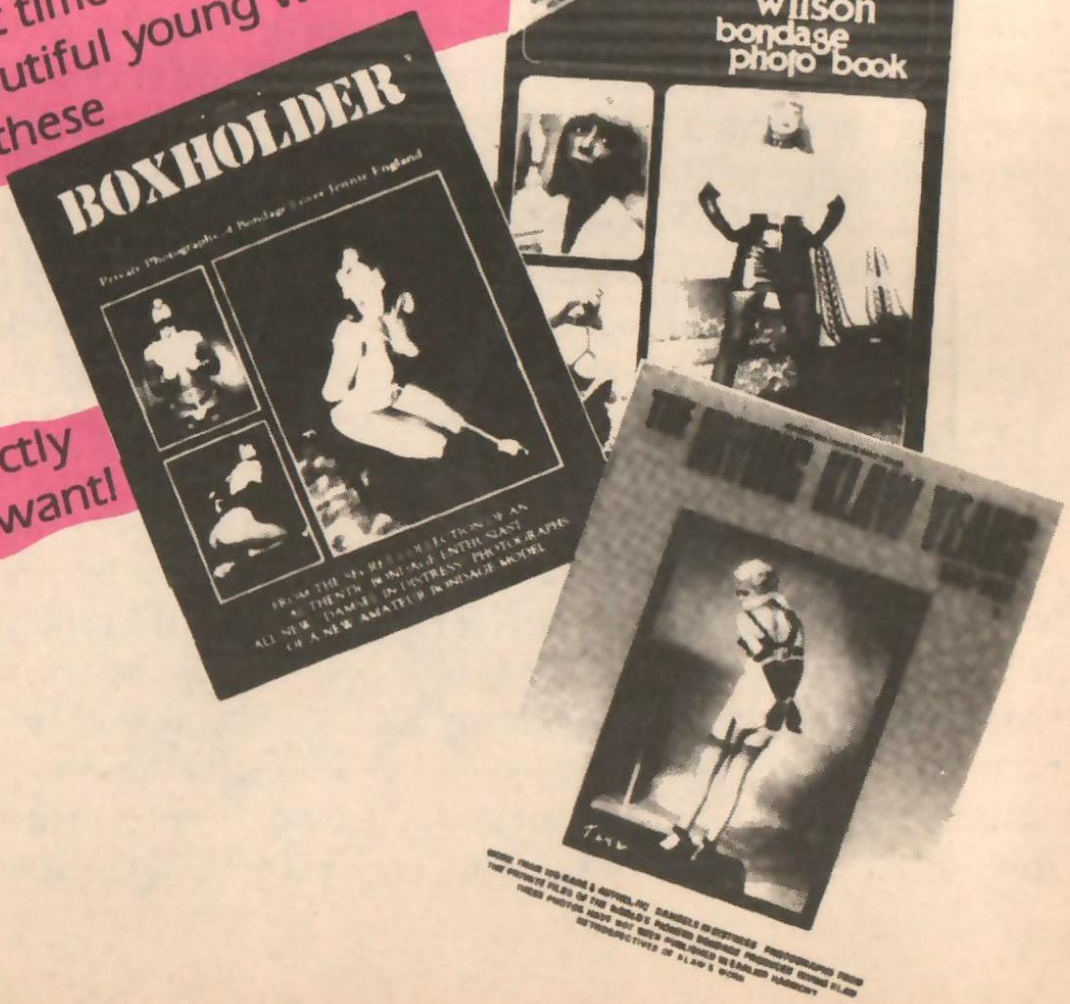

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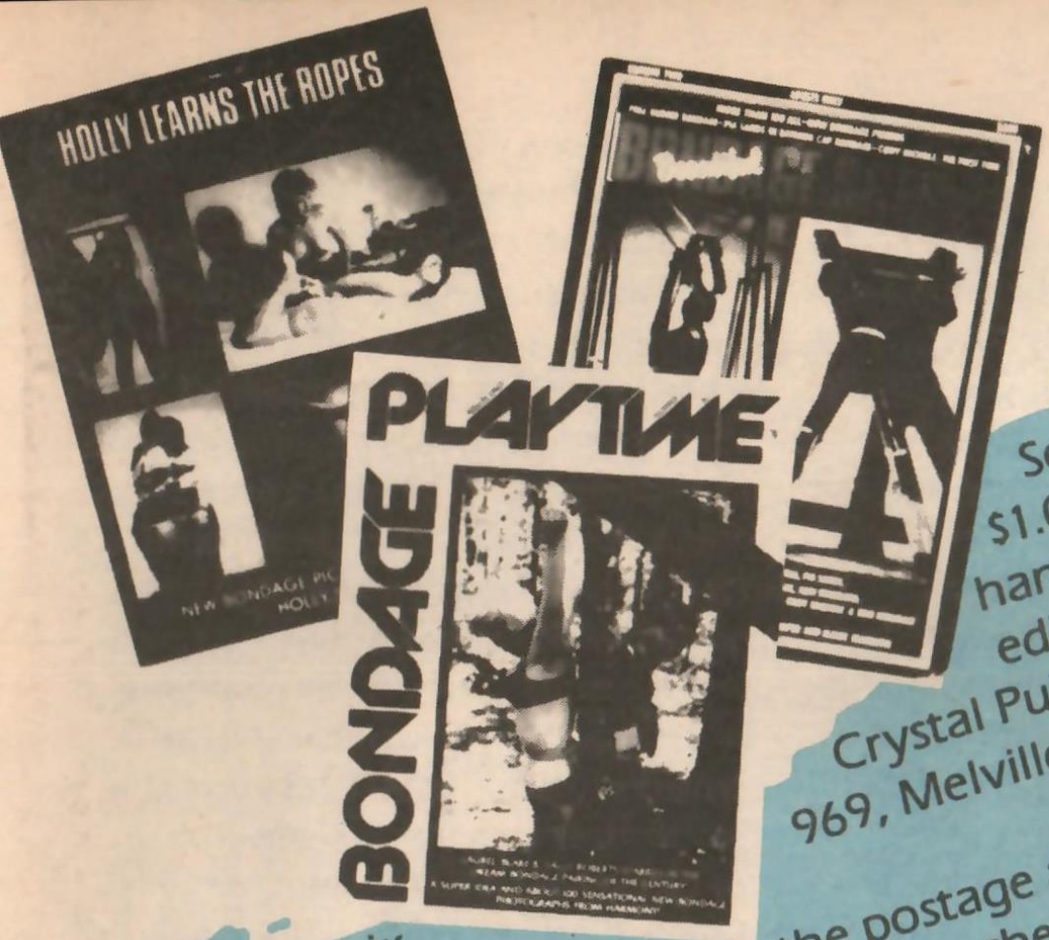

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snatch. I didn't care about her desires. I just kept humping on her luscious mouth until she got me off. I grabbed her nude shoulders and pushed her lips into me as my orgasm flowed through my snatch. That girl liked being used. She started coming when she saw that she was satisfying me.

The girl was still shaking in a deep climax when Vanessa stepped in to make use of her oral talents. Vanessa's hot box got off after just a minute of being licked, but she still wanted more. I started walking out when she asked to be alone with Milaki. Looking back, I saw that Vanessa was strapping on a rubber dildo. She was going to screw the girl.

I sat downstairs and listened to Milaki moaning and asking for more.

We took her out to dinner in the evening and then dropped her off at the club. She had to work that night. We came back later to watch the dancers. When Milaki performed, I looked around at all the other patrons who had designs on her. I'm sure they would have been very pleasantly surprised if I'd leaned over and told a few of them what we'd been doing with her that afternoon!

Beth, Vanessa and Milaki

Car Wash Cock

My girlfriend, Roxanne, isn't just pretty and brainy, she's got an imagination that belongs somewhere in the stratosphere.

To get the important stuff out of the way, she's five foot three, has a compact, big-breasted body with nice hips. (I like a girl with great hips; fucking dog-style is a big favorite of mine, and those bony "hip handles" come in handy.)

Roxy has mirth-filled green eyes, brown hair that shows red highlights in the sun and a generous, supple mouth. (Oh, what she can do with those lips when she's working her way down my tubesteak!)

She turns me on whether she's naked or wearing a floor-length terry-cloth bathrobe. But her sexiest summer outfit is a pair of tight, cut-almost-to-the-crotch jean shorts, a snug white T-shirt that puts her big, suckable nipples on display, and sandals. I love Roxy's feet. All I have to do is lick her between her toes and her pussy gets sopping wet, juicy and ready!

Anyway, let me get back to her wild imagination. She really enjoys finding bizarre places for us to get it on. She wants it anytime, anywhere! Roxy also loves to rev me up and get me off in a timed situation. Some episodes have nearly blown my mind along with my nuts.

Once, Roxy and I were on a Ferris wheel. We were having a great time, swirling around and around. As usual, her hand was between my legs, casually cupping my crotch. (She's always feeling my equipment, as if she needs to reassure herself that it's still there.) My cock was, as

usual, half-hard, playfully nudging her fondling fingers. She was kissing me as we whirled around, tasting my teeth and nibbling my tongue.

Suddenly, our gondola got stuck at the top. The ridekeeper told us that there was a slight mechanical problem and that we should sit tight for a few minutes. Roxy's green eyes got a strange light in them, and I knew I was in for it.

"Hey, you crazy bitch, what are you gonna do this time?" I asked her in a nervous tone.

I could already feel the anticipation beginning to work its way through my guts (and my nuts). Sometimes, however, my girl's wild schemes actually border on the illegal. At these times, I find myself reluctantly trying to rein Roxanne in.

"I'm gonna suck you off up here!" Roxy said, her eyes glittering.

"What?"

"You heard me!" She was already undoing my belt buckle, unzipping me, finding my cock and pulling it out.

The gondola swayed gently. Panic began racing through my brain.

"Roxy, we can't!" I said frantically. "The guy said a few minutes, we can't, we could be going down any second. . .oh, God, Roxy, eat me, baby! Yeah, suck my shaft!"

My whacked-out girlfriend was already glomming my dick, leaving shiny red lipstick stains all over the straining cockflesh. She bobbed her head up and down, her lips creating the tight suction that made me feel as if she was sucking my asshole out through my cock. I grabbed onto the metal supports of the gondola, humped my hips up into her sucking face, and groaned my pleasure to a couple of birds streaking across the flawless blue sky.

"I grabbed onto the chair, humped my hips up into her sucking face, and screamed out my pleasure."

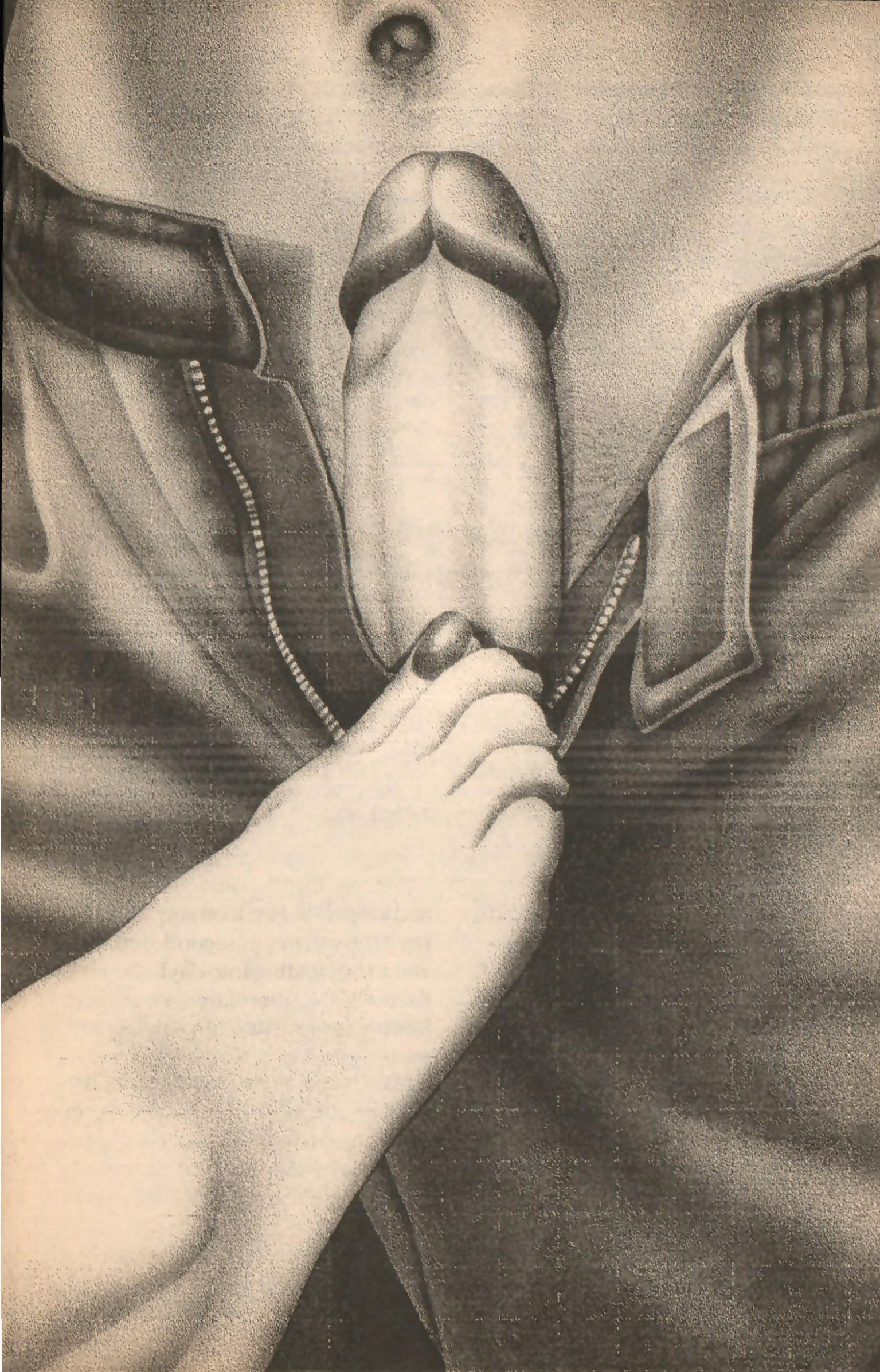
And that was when our gondola started to slowly descend.

"Oh my God, Roxy!" I practically screamed. "We're going back down. Oh Jesus, hurry and put my cock back in my pants, everyone's gonna see us!"

To Roxy, that was a challenge, a clarion call to speed up her sluicing lips, milk my jizz-filled nuts, finish me off before we hit the ground. Luckily, the ridekeeper was letting people off, or Roxy's perfect record would have been wrecked.

We were about halfway to the end of the ride when she began blasting her lips rapidly up and down my shaft, drumming the underside of the glans repeatedly with her tongue.

I pumped my hips into her greedy



face and groaned, "Yes, yes, Roxy, finish me off fast, eat my cum!"

It felt outrageous, like I was fucking her pussy—a tight, wet, hot cavern. The possibility—the terror!—that we'd be caught and possibly arrested for indecent exposure made it that much more of a turn-on. It was the Forbidden Blow-Job, and my juices were flowing like white water rapids!

The couple in the gondola two ahead of ours was just being released when I came, my butt hovering a foot off the seat. My balls tightened, then let go. I exploded sticky streamers of cum down Roxy's throat with a prolonged growl. Oh, it felt so great! By the time the ride slowed and stopped, I was leaning back, gasping, and Roxy was returning my freshly-discharged dick to my pants. The ridekeeper winked as we slid out of our seats. Roxy smiled back, a cum drop sitting in one corner of her lush-lipped mouth.

More recently, Roxy and I were taking my car through the car wash. We'd just started into the dark tunnel of the car wash, the water cascading down the windshield.

She turned, smiled at me, and said mischievously, "Do you know what I'm thinking, baby?"

I stared at her in disbelief. "Roxy," I said warningly, "this only takes a couple of minutes. Don't do anything rash!"

"What a party pooper you are, Mike," she chided.

In a blink, she'd freed my cock from my jeans and was on me, naked from the waist down, squirming around in my lap. The feel of her gyrating body got me hard instantly.

As soon as her frigging fingers determined that my erection was stiff enough for her yearning cunt, she mounted and started riding me, hard and fast, laughing as the soapy water oozed down the window.

"That. . .looks. . .like. . .cum!" she said breathlessly, moving faster, squeezing my balls beneath her shapely asscheeks on each downstroke.

Her pussy relentlessly engulfed and caressed my shaft; the speed with which she was bouncing up and down boggled my mind and my sexual orgasms. I reached under her T-shirt to tightly clutch onto her jiggling tits, whispering filthy words in her ear.

Her twat, always well-lubed, was particularly slimy that day, and I wondered, not for the first time, why she was forever ready to be filled with cock.

Then I wasn't thinking at all. I could see the hot wax light, a red and yellow flasher, looming ahead of us. In less than ten seconds, the car would be heading into daylight, and the smirking attendants would see Roxy enthusiastically plowing up and down on my dick.

"Oh, Mikey, I'm coming!" Roxy said dreamily, leaning back hard against my chest. "Doesn't my cum feel nice on your cock?"

Yes, it did, so nice, in fact, that I, too was spewing my load, fresh white seed to douse the fire in

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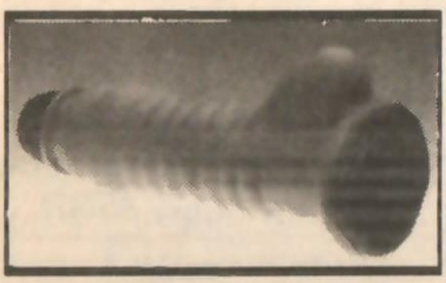

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Roxy's cock-hungry crevice. Squeezing her tits convulsively, I blew off inside her, feeling her pussy thrum pleasurably around my shaft.

By the time we rolled out into the street, my car was shining clean, Roxy was sitting demurely next to me, leaving a cum stain on the gray velour seat, and my cock protruded lewdly from my pants, leftover spunk trickling out.

Roxy took care of that. She licked me clean under a table in our favorite diner—where the tablecloths are nice and long.

Michael and Roxanne

Cum Lightly

I love cum. I can suck it out and drink it all day. Thing is, I've got no cock to suck. Guess you could say I'm a little bit too shy.

But that one time? God. I was a virgin then, and didn't know what to do about anything. I mean, I knew what to do, but didn't know if I could do it and not get laughed at.

But Oscar—that's the guy that cracked me—took his cock and waved it at me, and I got scared that I'd mess up. The moment I got him in my mouth though, it was a whole different thing! I couldn't get enough. He wanted me to slow down and take it easy and all that, but I couldn't. I couldn't stop myself, it tasted so good! And the feeling of having a thick, tender length of cock plunging down my throat? I couldn't stop. Not at all.

Oscar came in my mouth and I got scared. But when I got a taste of that hot, creamy goo, I went wild and drank down every last drop. I sucked him even when he was telling me to stop and trying to push me off and got some more sperm to ooze out the tip of him, and swallowed that, too. He was all shrunken by the time I let him go, and then I was wondering and hoping he would get big again and give me some more cum.

But no, Oscar got his clothes on, kissed me sweetly and left. And my cunt was still so full-feeling and thick, that I couldn't do anything else but cry.

I think a couple of years went by after that, because I thought I'd done it wrong and that I'd better find out what to do for the next time.

Alas, there was no one around to teach me. It wasn't until I moved in with Lynn and Gary that I found out.

I had a room in their house, and one day I went in their bedroom to see if Lynn had any Nair I could borrow, and no one was there.

What was there though, was this shrunken little balloon on the night stand. A used condom! I took it, looked at it, and then took a whiff. Sperm!

Checking to see if anyone was watching, I put the thing to my mouth and upended it so the sperm would drip down on my tongue. I swallowed and grinned. That's when I felt guilty.

I had just swallowed Gary's cum and I felt I had just slept with him behind Lynn's back. But even shame couldn't stop me from wanting more. I turned that condom inside-out and licked every glob of cum off it, then put it back on the night stand.

That night, as I lay awake thinking about what I'd done, I got so turned on that all my guilt left me and I reached under my jammie bottoms and started putting my fingers in me. I was doing my boobies, too, and was just getting to the point where I was going to get off when I heard moans and groans coming through the wall just above my head.

Gary and Lynn!

I got up and put my ear to the wall and listened. They were just starting out but it sounded real yummie-cummie. I started to sweat and it was all of a sudden too hot in my room, so I stripped bare and kept on listening.

And fingering!

I came at about the same time Lynn did, and I closed my eyes tight and could almost see her, lying there, all naked and pretty, with her legs up over her head, and Gary just screwing her brains out. I came a second time and then a third. Gary was making their bed squeak and then Lynn cried out real loud and hard and, hearing her come, I came.

And almost fell against the wall.

Then I licked my lips and remembered drinking Gary's cum from his rubber and I jammed three fingers in me and almost blanked out from the pleasure that exploded in me. I fell

face down on my bed and lay there panting and covered with sweat, and then, the next thing I knew, the room was bright and it was the next day.

Since I still didn't have classes until about ten, and since I knew Gary and Lynn both went to work early, I left my room, snuck downstairs just to check, and then went back into their room to see if there'd be another tube of Gary's sweet cum.

There was!

Just like the day before, I sniffed the wonderful scent that came out of the open end of the rubber, then, just before I was going to drink it all down, I got this really horny idea, took off my PJs and lay back in their unmade bed.

The sheets were cool against my skin and I pulled my legs apart and closed my eyes. I could smell Lynn and Gary's scents in the sheets and pillows and that just made me hornier. I started fingering my clit and shoving my fingers in and out, and all the while I remembered all the neat sounds I'd heard the night before. I came once, twice, and then two times in a row. I imagined Gary was fucking Lynn and that I was in between them both.

I lay the rubber across my upper lip and inhaled as I forced my fingers in and out of me real deep and real fast. It was easy for me to imagine having my mouth and nose right at the spot where Gary's body entered Lynn's because the rubber had both their smells on it. Then, just before I came again, I realized that the outside of the condom was the part that was inside Lynn, and I pretended I was a cock and going in and out of Lynn's cunt, and came so hard my whole body jerked.

That's when I poured the cum down on my tongue and swallowed. It was cool and mucusy and great, and I shoved all four fingers in me and came. Then, before I went on, I curled my tongue and slid the condom all the way on it so the rest of the cum would drip into my mouth. That let me use one hand on my boobies and the other on my pussy.

"Cheryl. . . ?" Hearing Lynn's voice startled me so bad, I jumped up and looked.

Lynn stood in the doorway with this really funny look on her face. It was half-grin, half-frown. I remembered that the rubber was still stuck on my tongue and that my hands were still where they'd been, and so I hurried to yank the rubber off and tried to cover myself with an edge of the sheets.

But it was too late. Lynn had seen everything, and I felt my face turning red. And then, to make it worse, Gary appeared behind Lynn. I wanted to die!

"What's all the commotion?" Gary asked and saw my bare shoulders, my pajamas thrown all over, and figured it out in a flash. Lynn looked over her shoulder at him and I saw her grin. Gary's face lit up.

"Well," she said, coming to the bed and unbuttoning her work blouse, "I guess Gary and I have been a little selfish. Gary suggested

that we invite you, but I told him you were just a tame little baby-girl, with your only passion—going to college and getting your degree. . ."

Gary came to the bed, too, and was undoing his tie. Lynn glanced at him, then looked back at me. She grabbed the corner of the sheet I was holding to me and pulled it gently out of my hands.

Then she found the condom she'd seen me have on my tongue, raised it and waggled it at me.

"So that's why the other one was inside-out!"

I nodded and hung my head. Then her hands were brushing my shoulder and going down and over my boobies. My nipples stuck out and her fingers found them and squeezed them.

Gary had his pants and underwear off and climbed on the bed and kneeled right at my side. I saw how hard and thick and red his cock was, and I wanted to suck it. I looked back at Lynn and hoped she hadn't seen that look I had, but she just grinned, put a hand on my head and started to push me down to it.

"It's okay, honey," she said softly. "Go ahead. . ."

I just sort of fell toward that pulsing organ, and before I knew it, I had it in my mouth and was sucking its head down the back of my throat. I pulled back and let my lips slide almost all the way off the end, then pushed my head back and let go down my throat again.

Then I felt soft, warm skin against me, and without letting Gary's fat cock out of my mouth, I turned my eyes and saw that Lynn was naked and sort of caressing my side with her beautiful tits. I wanted to suck her nipples, but I didn't want to let Gary's cock go either, so I just let her rub against me and concentrated on Gary.

I shouldn't have worried. By the time Gary and Lynn's lunch hour was over, I'd gotten to suck everything I ever wanted.

And some things—like Lynn's sweet, hot pussy—that I'd never thought of sucking before!

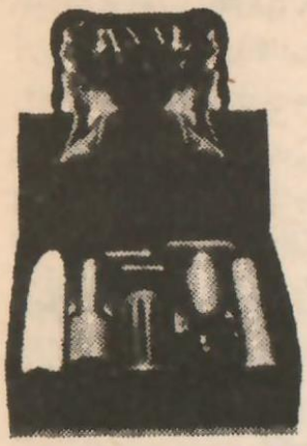
Cheryl, Gary and Lynn

Tit Contest

I was one of two horny, goggle-eyed guys judging the finals of the wet T-shirt contest at Hugo's Bar and Grill. Three-quarters of the people in that steamy, smoke-dense room were smashed, and my fellow judge and I, staring with glazed eyes at those four protruding nipples, were ready to start our own private whack-off contest if we didn't get some relief.

It was a tough decision, because Fanny, a local girl with firm, uptitted knockers, paled in comparison with Rowena, a dark-haired, olive-skinned beauty from the state capital. Rowena had the kind of boobs men dream about—gigantic, pendulous orbs where you want to rest your head, plant your tongue, and smother with a smile on your face.

Every man who looked at



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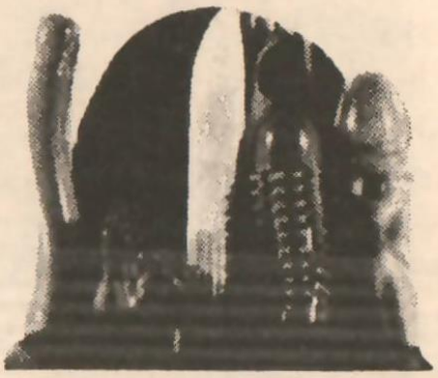

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See page 96 for order information.

Rowena's jiggling titties covered by a skin-tight, wet-in-all-the-right-places undershirt, was bent double from the discomfort in his dick.

The girls whet our appetites with a little wet T-shirt dancing contest, throwing their tits this way and that, spinning their hefty honkers in opposite directions like a couple of strippers. The music was loud, pounding, the kind of sound that you feel throbbing inside the most sensitive vein on your dick.

I watched the girls bump and grind their way around the tiny tables, disappearing and reappearing like wraiths in the smokey room, and feared my pole was gonna go off in my drawers like a gun with the safety left off. As it was, I could already feel that gummy sensation of pre-cum oiling the insides of my underpants.

"Wanna suck 'em?" she asked me innocently, alternately pinching and caressing her large nipples.

As the girls danced back into view, bumping and grinding away, strutting their magnificent mountains with the hard little peaks, I knew this contest was just going to have to be settled in a different way.

I called a conference with Vern, and we finally decided the only way to settle on a winner was to spirit the two contestants out of the bar to someplace quiet where we could properly "interview" them. Fanny was known to be very accommodating, and Rowena had that "come into my port, sailor" expression in her eyes that promised the kind of frenzied passion that quickly deflates a ballooning erection.

Around the corner stood a tacky motel, actually a rundown rooming house for couples on the go (or blow). No one ever calls it anything but the "Cum 'n' Go" motel.

Vern and I speedily hustled our giggling contestants there and rented a room. Fanny and Rowena had been drinking some strong alcoholic concoction that made them both horny enough to bribe their two judges into awarding them the five-hundred dollar pot Vern and I were planning to give the winner.

As for Vern and me, we were in a bribe-accepting mood! The two of us shucked our clothes and raced over to pull the girls' wet shirts over their heads. I made sure I claimed Rowena; I've already sampled Fanny's charms—along with every other guy in town!

Oh, Lordy, the sight of Rowena's lush, fragrant tits spilling almost to her slim waist gave me trouble breathing properly. I'd never before

come without some sort of manual, oral, or cuntal stimulation, but when those rounded, rosy-bud flesh mounds came into view, I thought sure I was gonna shoot a load right into my drawers.

"Wanna suck 'em?" Rowena asked innocently, caressing her own nipples with her fingertips. They quivered in time with my upthrust cock.

"Yeah!" I said, my voice a squeak.

She tackled me to the cheap carpeted floor, playfully wrestling me until she was sitting astride my naked hips, my prick sticking straight up as if to greet Rowena's luxuriant pussy bush. In one swift motion, she could have impaled herself on my twat-starved fuckstick, but she gave me a wink and bent low, one tit nub just inches from my mouth.

I raised my head, trying to catch that nipple between my lips, but Rowena laughed and pulled it away. Then she teased me with the other one, like she was offering bait to a fish. She was strong, and I couldn't make her budge. She was having a good time, playing with me this way, but I was getting more aroused by the second.

Her naked snatch was getting my groin wet with her funky pussy lube, but she seemed content to tantalize me with her pretty teats.

Finally, she gave me a wink and bent down until she had my thick, leaking rod trapped between her swinging tits. She rubbed my turgid flesh with those weighty flesh pods until I was gasping, perilously close to coming. Only then did she raise her sweating body and plop her gaping cunt lips up and over my near-to-exploding dick, sliding down my granite pillar straight to my shiny, taut ball sacs.

"Jesus!" I blurted, my staying power gone.

I could only pump into her strangling hole three times before bathing her box with spurt after tearing spurt of fiery jism. My cock released its cream so furiously, I was afraid to pull it out—I was sure the entire head of my dick would be blown clear off!

Rowena and I relaxed side by side, smoking a couple of wilted cigarettes, watching Vern's action with Fanny.

They were up on the bed, Vern straddling Fanny's chunky torso, and he was plowing his bulging cock between her jumbo jigglers.

Vern's got a big wang, and from the looks of things, Fanny had lubricated it with lots of her spit beforehand. As it was, Fanny's mouth (which looks and feels a lot like her pussy, except without the pube hair) was greedily sucking away at Vern's cock each time he thrust it between her peaks.

There was a lot of groaning and persuasive begging going on.

Vern yelled, "Yeah, Fanny! I'm riding your tits, riding 'em hard! Before you know it, I'm gonna pop off into your hot mouth, darlin'! Yeow!"

We declared the contest a draw, mostly 'cause we didn't have the

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energy to do otherwise!

Vern sped up the furious movements of his staff into Fanny's sucking mouth, and at the same time, she pushed her boobs up and around his dick until it was totally enveloped in tit flesh. All you could see of Vern's spearing cock was the tip as it blasted endlessly into Fanny's mouth.

"Oh, Gawd! I'm blowin' it!" Vern announced. "Get ready, Fanny girl, 'cause Vern's shootin' his spunk straight through your pretty white teeth!"

Vern's face scrunched up into something akin to agony, and he kinda gargled when his fat cock burst in the recesses of Fanny's mouth. His jizz seemed to jet out of his dickhead forever, but Fanny's a swallower, and like a good girl she downed every scalding drop, making all kinds of ecstatic slurping noises.

We ended up letting the girls split the money straight down the middle, and they were so grateful, they fucked us raw.

Vern said he might not ever be able to get rid of his honeymoon limp, but he declares it was definitely worth it!

I have no problem with a little bribery, and they sure picked the right men to judge this contest. Vern and I are in complete agreement—we're tit men!

Oh—Vern wanted to make sure I add that we're cunt men, too. He says I should set the record straight.

Frank, Vern, Rowena and Fanny

Afternoon Interlude

I've enjoyed sex all of my life. Sex, I believe, was meant to be enjoyed. Next to the problems and failures we all must face, it seems to me to be the only honest experience of life.

I'm a strawberry blonde. I stand five foot six and weigh one-hundred and twenty-five pounds. My measurements are 38C-24-32, and I have been told I'm beautiful.

Married when I was twenty, I have now been married fifteen years. Our sex life has never been as good as what I experienced before marriage. I never strayed in all those years, that is until today, and now I just have to tell someone about it. Neither my husband nor any of my neighbors would understand, but I think your readers will. I know I understand and enjoy the letters in your magazine.

We live on semi-isolated acreages on the south bank of the river. There are several acres of wooded land between us and our neighbors on either side. I often walk in the woods or along the banks of the river.

Today, right after lunch, it being a beautiful spring day, I began walking along the river. A movement ahead caught my attention. Thinking it a deer, I approached cautiously to find our very black neighbor urinating. He lives in a little place across the highway from us. He farms a little and often fishes the river eve-

nings. I was surprised seeing him out this early in the day. As usual, he was dressed only in a pair of ragged blue jeans. He was shaking the last drops off of the biggest and blackest penis I had ever seen. My heart began to beat very fast and I felt as if I had lost my breath as I stared in fascination.

I surprised myself and startled him by stepping forward and taking hold of his magnificent penis. I could feel it getting rigid as I pushed the foreskin back exposing a beautiful, bulbous, red-purple cockhead. It felt like a velvet encased iron rod. I was trembling, and my shorts were getting soaked with the juices of my desire. I wanted this wonderful piece of black meat deep inside me.

Willie started to pull away—I tightened my grip on his cock and moved closer, so close that his half-hard cock was pushing against the naked flesh exposed between my halter top and my shorts. Then I kissed him full on the mouth. He came alive, his cock twitched—his hands slid down my back into my shorts to caress my asscheeks.

With my free hand, I fumbled with his belt, loosening it so his pants fell to his ankles. He bent down as he pushed my shorts down my legs. I lost my hold on his cock as my shorts fell around my ankles. I quickly stepped out of them. I grabbed Willie by the ears and pulled his head up to a very passionate French-kiss. His hard cock, trying to punch holes in my taut abdomen, heightened my desire further.

My knees became weak. I sat rather suddenly, pulling Willie with me. We began to giggle, as we were in a tangled heap. Soon untangled and still giggling, I lay back in the path with Willie kneeling between my outstretched legs. He ran the head of his penis up and down my hot, quivering crack, lubricating it. I spread the lips of my cunt with my fingers so he could enter. He gently inserted that beautiful red-purple head into my moist vagina.

It was a tight fit, I never had such a size in there before. He inched in, stopping now and then to let me become accustomed to him. Finally, I felt his balls against my anus. I never felt so wonderfully full before in all my life. I had had two mini-orgasms by this time and was sure I must be in heaven.

After resting a moment, we both began to move. My legs circled his waist. I began to swivel my hips as my pussy muscles grabbed and began to milk his cock. He began to thrust slowly, increasing the speed as our tensions mounted. We two were like a spring being wound too tightly.

Tension mounted and mounted until we felt we could stand no more. Then with a groan from Willie and a scream from me, we had an almost simultaneous orgasm. Willie continued to slow fuck me through several mini-orgasms. By then we were so weak we just rested, still coupled.

Kissing and fondling we became aroused again. Willie's half-hard

cock began to jerk and twitch. My muscles began to massage and soon had him in full erection. We slow fucked to another earth-shattering orgasm.

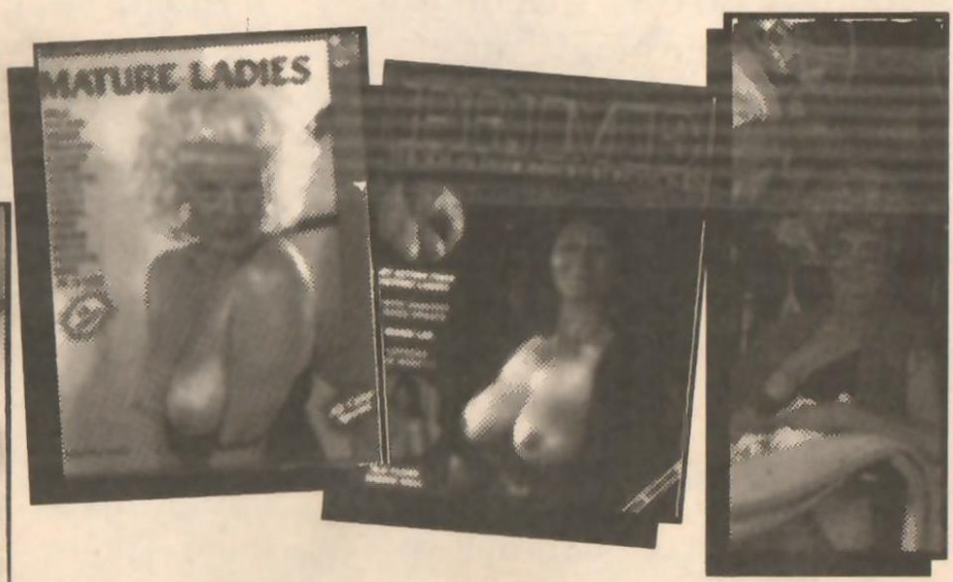
We did not rest this time. I could feel sperm flood down the crack of my ass as Willie pulled his sperm-laced, black cock from my sated, sperm-filled pussy. We, in almost the same breath, thanked the other. That caused us to laugh. He helped me to my feet and we went skinny-dipping in the river to clean up.

I now noticed that Willie, nude, was built like Atlas, broad shoulders, slim waist, about six-foot and two hundred pounds, all muscle. His magnificent cock must be all of nine inches in length and fat. So fat that my thumb and forefinger can almost circle it at the midpoint. The head is so large that I can only get the very tip in my mouth, so I had to content myself with just kissing it in appreciation as we dressed, or as Willie dressed.

I decided not to dress, I walked home in the nude, carrying my shorts and halter, daydreaming of the wonderful fuck I had just experienced. All of a sudden it hit me, I had just been with a black man, something I had never thought about before. At the time, I realized, the only thought either of us seemed to have was to give the other pleasure. It was very beautiful, the best fuck I had ever had.

Arriving home, I became aware that both legs, from pussy to knees, were sticky with sperm. I went in

Fetish Corner...



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and cleaned up, again. Clean again, I sat down to write this letter and I now feel that I must go clean up again before I go into the kitchen to prepare our evening meal.

I must hurry, I hear my husband's car in the lane. My only wish, now, is to meet Willie again soon, he's the best.

Rochelle and Willie

Beautiful Backdoor

I met Bonnie at a company picnic. I'm a senior manager in my late forties. Blonde, with a ponytail, Bonnie looked fresh out of college. I was surprised when she told me that she was the manager of Accounting.

"You look kind of young for that," I said.

"I'm old enough," she replied defiantly. She said it in such a way as to make me think she was old enough for a lot more, for anything.

"I'm sorry," I replied. "Maybe it's because you're so beautiful.

She smiled at that, introducing herself as Bonnie. For the picnic she had on very short shorts. She had incredibly long, beautifully tanned legs. Her shorts were cut so high I swear I caught a glimpse of blonde pubic hair. She had a magnificent ass—well-rounded and soft, twin ivory moons. She had her shirt tied below a pair of hefty knockers, leaving her midriff bare. When she noticed me examining her boobs, her nipples stiffened to little peaks.

We decided to go exploring together and drifted away from the company picnic. Once we were alone, I took her hand. Later, we rested on a log.

When we kissed, Bonnie darted her tongue between my lips. Our tongues intertwined. I held the two luscious globes of her knockers in the palms of my hands, admiring them. I untied her shirt, and her twin mounds spilled into my hands. They were absolutely flawless. I sucked on one, then the other. She was panting with pleasure.

Her nipples—large and dark—stood out rigid and hot. I ran my hand the length of Bonnie's long, tanned legs, massaging her thighs, rubbing her twat through her shorts. I unsnapped the shorts.

"Darling," she whispered.

"Yes?"

She hesitated a moment.

"What would you like?" I asked the young blonde.

"Would you mind giving it to me up my ass? All the young guys want is to get into my honey pot, and they shoot their wads right away. But none of them know how to pleasure a girl good and long in the bung. It's been so lonely back there that I've had to finger myself at nights. Does that shock you?"

"Honey, nothing shocks me. That's one of the advantages of having been around awhile. I'd love to bugger you."

Bonnie wiggled in anticipation. With a smile, the young girl dropped

her shorts, revealing the cutest little pussy with just a sprinkling of pubic hair and a gorgeous apple ass, tight and white. She got on the log as if it was a pony and looked at me over her shoulder.

She looked so damn beautiful, gazing expectantly over her shoulder at me, her hands squeezing her buns, her fingers trailing over her smooth skin. As she spread her cheeks, I bent forward and caressed the golden rim with my tongue's tip. Bonnie whimpered. It smelled deliciously shitty back there. I flicked her asshole with my tongue again. It flexed tightly at my wet touch.

"Oh yes," she gurgled.

Gradually, her backdoor relaxed. When it opened up, the tiny hole looked like a little cinnamon-colored flower. With my saliva juicing her up, my tongue burrowed in further. Bonnie moaned with lust. Her eyes were closed; her breathing shallow.

"Please," she said, tightening her asshole for me, obscenely.

My prick was rock-hard. It was stretched to its full eight inches. I slipped on a condom. Gently, I placed the head of my peter against Bonnie's backdoor entrance. I slipped in the head. The blonde gasped.

"Easy does it," I whispered, gently kissing the back of her neck.

I stroked not only her back, but I fondled her luscious hips and her tight ass. She crooned as I gradually eased my shaft in further. Feeling my balls against her ass, she sighed and smiled.

"You're magnificent," she stuttered. "I've never been filled like this before."

I pulled back a little and began a slow, gentle rhythm. She arched her ass, and every time I penetrated deeply into the young girl, I could feel her muscles contract around my cock. Wet with want, she was fully open to me. There were beads of sweat on her ass.

"Harder," she commanded me, bracing herself.

I rammed it into Bonnie. My balls, heavy with sperm, slapped against her wet ass. She trembled as I plowed the chocolate path of her butt. Bonnie gave happy little grunts of pleasure in time with my lusty strokes.

"Oh yes," she murmured. "That's what I've needed for a long time."

I held the nubile, young blonde by the hips as I plunged and plowed and reamed Bonnie's backdoor. She yelped with passion, holding me in a lewd grip. I played with her tits and finger-banged her as I stirred my rod in her asshole. I toyed with

"She thrashed beneath me as her own orgasm shattered her sweat-drenched body."

her clit. She babbled with lust. I thrust deeply into her, pummeling her backside relentlessly.

Breathlessly, Bonnie urged me to come.

"I'm going to explode," I whispered. "I'm going to shoot my hot cum down your dark love-chute."

"Yes, darling, yes," she whimpered. "Give me all your hot sperm."

I buried my cock in her golden trench. She reached behind and stroked my rod as I erupted in her dark hole, pumping semen. She thrashed beneath me as her own orgasm shattered her sweat-drenched body. "Yeah, yeah, yeah," she repeated, as she came and came.

When we were relaxed, I said, "I suppose we better get back before we're missed."

"Do we have to?" asked Bonnie, pouting.

"Maybe we don't," I reconsidered.

Robert and Bonnie

Shaved Bare

Like many women these days, I'm embarrassed to wear fur. That's why I shaved my pussy. The only animal activism I'm involved in is bringing out the love beast in my husband.

For the longest time, he'd been coaxing and cajoling me into shaving my pussy. The sight of a bare beaver in his favorite men's magazines drove him insane. He wanted me to emulate those soft, cuddly quims.

The more I thought about it, the more excited and curious I became. It would be an interesting variation to feel his lips against bare pussy flesh. I just can't wait for him to see the new me. But my husband won't be the first to witness the wetness at my bald beaver lips. Danielle was the one.

She and I are friends and neighbors here in Plasticville, as we refer to our suburban community. Too many houses look alike and too many people think alike. She and I changed the dull, green landscape today with splashes of hot pink.

Admittedly, I had always been attracted to Danielle. She has a model's figure and the bluest eyes, forever glistening and curious about life. We'd get together regularly to talk over herbal tea. Lately it's been more of white Zinfandel which had helped us loosen up. This afternoon when I mentioned my husband's request, Danielle's eyes widened with such a hunger.

"Let me shave you," she insisted.

Her nipples thrust through her blouse at the mere mention of the act. From my pussy leaked a warm stream of excitement.

"All right, " I said.

We went to the bedroom, where I spread a towel over the mattress. I stripped and felt the hunger of her eyes as she drank in my every line and curve. I voiced it then.

"You get undressed, too."

She did, breezing from her blouse and exposing those firm breasts. Her tight slacks slid from her curvy legs, followed by a white bikini. I couldn't

take my eyes off her pretty pussy. The love hairs framed her pink slit and drew me closer.

Neither of us had ever been this bold before. We hugged and kissed, our tongues suddenly dancing in each other's mouth. She stepped back and was ready. I couldn't wait for her to shave me.

Danielle was careful and methodical. She lathered my pussy and used utmost care shaving away the fur. She used a washcloth to clean me, but I truly wanted her to wipe me with her tongue.

"Your husband will have the time of his life when he sees you this way," she beamed.

"He'll be second," I said above a whisper. "I want you to do me. Please. You must!"

She needed little encouragement since we both always felt this way. She gently nudged me onto my back and I smiled. Hasn't every woman been curious about female loving? Hasn't every woman wondered what the touch of another female would be like? My fantasies suddenly became real then as Danielle moved between my spreading thighs.

Her nibbling lips caressed the satiny flesh of my inner thighs. She kissed and mouthed the firm flesh there with such a hunger. Then her steamy, heated breath was at my bare pussy.

It felt like nothing before or since, the brushing sweep of hot breath tickling my hairless quim. I suddenly felt the wide width of her tongue pushing against my pinkness. It was followed by a lathering bath of affection as her sweeping tongue covered my cunt lips from end to end.

"So good!" I sobbed. "Feels so good!"

I clenched the bedsheets as Danielle did me. She soaked my bare quim lips before barging into my slit with the full length and fury of her hot tongue.

My fists pounded the mattress once that rigid tongue fucked my insides. My walls of sugar were further sweetened by her invading presence. In and out, in and out, she brought me to heights of passion I wouldn't have thought attainable.

My sweaty hips bucked into her face and she made succulent sounds down there. My climax began building, building, cresting. I slammed my pussy into her and orgasmed in wave after warm wave.

Danielle looked up with a smile. Reaching for her, I felt her warm body blanketing mine. She kissed me so I could taste my own flavor still on her breath.

She wedged her pussy between my legs and we began rocking slowly at first, but gradually faster and fiercer. Our clits clashed in the pounding heat of our humping, and I climaxed again. Danielle soon came, too.

My husband is due home shortly. I can't wait to show off the new me. I only hope he likes my bare beaver as much as Danielle did. I'll write soon and let you know.

Greta and Danielle

High-Heeled Pussy

I'm a responsible, twenty-nine-year-old businessman. (Okay, so far I'm only a hard-working employee—but in a couple years, I'm going to strike out on my own!) Anyway, I'm your average guy and I dress the part, too. Most of the time, anyway. And given the highly conservative part of the country I live in, I wouldn't dare reveal my secret to just anybody. My wife knows, and she's kind enough to indulge my desires, from time to time. Oh, hell, why pretend! I mean, just ending this letter with my first name isn't going to give me away, right? So here it comes, the straight, unvarnished truth:

Sometimes, when I'm feeling kinky, I like to dress up in my wife's clothes. Hell, I *love* it! And the more trashy the get-up, the better! Actually, my wife, Madeleine, has several outfits she'd never wear on the street, at least not here in freaking Mormon Land. She ordered them by mail, from out of state—and just for me!

Yeah, most times I'm an average, everyday man. But sometimes I've just got to drop the pants and boxer

"This sex thing is great, but don't you think we should share it with the women?"

shorts, put on a frilly, feathered teddy and old-fashioned, seamed black hose with garters, along with lace panties so tight they pin my cock upright and flush against my lower abdomen—or maybe see-through ones, so Madeleine can stare at my swelling prick, as it gets bigger and bigger in its snug confinement.

Yeah, that's another part of my secret—instead of thinking that what I like to do is weird or perverse, my wife really gets off on it!

She'll look me up and down, in my most slutty attire, and she'll cock an eyebrow, purse her soft lips and lick them slowly.

She'll have me turn slowly, round and round. Like some X-rated version of a fashion model, you know? And she'll make suggestions, telling me what purse I should wear with which outfit and how I should roll my hips to emphasize what a dirty tramp I am!

And then, inevitably, Madeleine will pull her blouse from her waistband and undo the buttons.

And I'll watch her peel away her top and toss it aside. I see the bra she has on—maybe a black, lace thing or the naughty red push-up thing that makes her nipples jut out, straight toward my hungry lips. And, of course, I'll want to wear it, try it on!

"Just between us girls?" I ask, kiddingly.

And she'll laugh, hefting the underside of her bust along with the sexy garment.

"You really are a terrible slut," she'll tell me, finishing by blowing me a silent kiss.

And then the bra will be undone—slowly, so I learn patience. Every slut, my Madeleine assures me, must learn patience! Then my wife's firm but bouncy boobs will wiggle free, bobbing as she tosses her underthing into my waiting, clutching fingers.

> ***"My wife's firm, bouncy boobs fall freely as she carelessly tosses her underthing into my waiting, clutching fingers."***

Of course, the first few times I required her expert assistance in fixing the bra in place. But not now! I'm learning, fast, how to be an accomplished, beautiful slut! Then, bra in position, I will straighten and resume my slow, sexy turning.

Sometimes, I catch Madeleine playing with her now-bare tits. But there's no harm in that, I guess—as long as it's just between us sluts, right? But honestly, I don't know why she prefers to wear those dreary jeans—I like frilly, fluffy skirts or at least skin-tight leather jumpers better!

My erection grows and throbs as

I spin on my heels, but we both sense something important is still missing from my sexy ensemble! I, a joyful newcomer to slutdom, can't recall what it might be.

But Madeleine knows! She'll snap her fingers, shake her head and march right up to me. And I'll stop my slow, endless pirouette. I look down at her (I'm three inches taller than the more petite brunette) and wait for her to tell me. Our eyes will lock together, for a long and tender minute. I realize it isn't makeup, for my Madeleine wears little if any—yet she is and always will be a complete and absolute and perfectly beautiful slut!

My slut, if I'm smart enough to hold onto her.

It's something more elemental, more basic that defeats my would-be slutdom. At last, her wide brown eyes leave my face and move down, past the cute bra and my teddy and the garters. And my eyes follow, obedient and excited, knowing I'm about to learn the secret of slutdom!

At this point, sometimes, Madeleine will touch me—lightly brushing the tips of her fingers over the swollen front of my panties and then down the hose-covered legs I've only recently begun to shave. At my knee, her hand pauses and withdraws. But her eyes (and mine) keep going lower. And there, flat on the floor, are my stockinged feet. And I know, instantly!

"Heels," I murmur and my wife grins, putting a comforting arm around my middle. "How could I possibly forget something like that?"

"Oh," she replies, her hand rubbing up and down along the farside of my frilled teddy. "It's not your fault."

She comes closer, leaning into me and gnawing at my bare neck, then flicking her tongue at my unsightly, unslutly Adam's apple.

"You're not used to thinking like a slut! Now, I know just the pair that will turn you right into a juicy, cock-stirring, high-heeled slut! Just wait here—and don't move!"

And I don't, though it's a terrible temptation to take my cock out, then and there. Oh, the only cock my costume might stir was my own, sure. But I sense my wife and her tight, hot cunt is also reacting to the situation—hey, I'm not the only kinky one in this family!

At last, she returns, whistling a happy tune and swinging two sling-pumps with sharp, black, three-inch stilettos. First time I saw them, I couldn't believe it! A pair of drop-dead, I-need-a-fuck high-heels, if I ever saw one! And all for little ole me!

I'll take the shoes with trembling hands and mutter my deep gratitude. And Madeleine will stand beside me, helping me keep my balance as I work my oversize feet into the shiny black heels of my dreams. And then, swaying at my raised height, I will straighten and she will step back to judge my look.

"How do I look?" I ask with a quivering voice.

And now she'll pace around me,

since I can't safely move in my knockout heels. She'll murmur and nod, rubbing at her chin as if in deep thought.

"Madeleine?"

The fear makes my cock throb. Then, just before I must explode with tension, she passes judgment.

"You look like a dirty, high-heeled, slutty hussy!"

I gasp and she nods. "Oh, it's true! You look hot, Danny, and like you need a good, long, sweaty fucking!"

She will then step forward, her eyes glaring up at me, hot with passion. "And as one slut to another, I could use one, too! How about it?"

Well, this is one high-heeled hussy who appreciates the woman who taught him everything he knows about being a slut! So, naturally, I'm more than happy to agree. And, with Madeleine's expert and slow, patient assistance, I peel away each of the womanly garments I've so carefully put on. Only this time, for every item I remove, Madeleine also ditches something—her tennis shoes, her wool socks, her jeans and the soggy, pastel-colored panties under them.

And all the while, her jutting, swinging boobs slap and grind and rub against my chest. At last, we both are nude and we touch and fondle one another. Her palms on my chest, and then my crotch hair, quicken my heart. My cock bounces, happy to be free and aching to be buried deep inside the wet box those panties had originally been intended to cover. I pinch and twist both her nipples, and we both grin as they grow to their maximum size and stiffness.

That fragrant cunt of Madeleine's already betrays its excitement to my nose as we kiss and her liquid snatch rubs against my leg.

"I want to be on top," she'll tell me, as I tongue her ear.

"Hussy," I'll respond.

"No worse than you," she'll say back and we'll both laugh, moving to the bed.

I lay myself back, face up on the bed and wait passively as she moves into place over me. I reach up, cupping her hanging boobs and scissoring my legs up and around her round, female butt. Her hands direct me as she forces her cunt down and over my meat. We groan together, two shameless, slutty hussies and we begin another long, all-night fuck!

Dan and Madeleine

Small Size Delight

I'm a small girl in my mid-twenties, and I know that a lot of guys put a lot of importance on the size of their prick, but I prefer the small ones. I've had a few boyfriends who had eight- and nine-inch monsters, and it was impossible for me to enjoy sex with something of that size. Besides, if it hurt going into my pussy, I didn't want to feel it in my backdoor—which was something I really wanted to try.

One day in the office, several of us

girls were talking and one mentioned that Ricky, the new guy in the office, had to have the smallest prick she'd ever seen on a guy. I asked how had she found out, and she said that they had gone out and everything seemed to be going okay until they went to bed. That's when she had found out about it. She'd laughed at him and they'd broken up right then. I thought she'd been terribly cruel and Ricky had probably been crushed.

I wanted to find out more about Ricky, but I thought I'd do it myself. A few days later I was in front of him in the cafeteria and I got a conversation going with him. We continued it as we ate. I was able to do that a few more times, and soon we were having lunch together all the time. It was another two weeks before he asked me out, and we continued dating for quite a while. He never seemed interested in sex, and I knew that he'd been hurt a lot.

I'd invited him to my place for dinner and we'd had a bit to drink and we were both probably a little bit tipsy. As he kissed me, he ran his hand over my breast, and I just moaned as I melted into his arms. If only he knew how badly I wanted him! Soon my blouse and bra were off and he was rubbing and sucking my breasts. My nipples were fully erect and I knew my panties were soaking wet.

We went to my bedroom and helped each other undress. As his shorts came off, I saw that his prick would be just right for me—it couldn't have been any longer than five inches. I knelt in front of him and took his prick in my mouth and gently sucked on him as he lay back on the bed. I'd only been sucking on him for a few minutes when he moaned and I felt him tense up, and his prick started throbbing. A moment later his hot seed gushed into my mouth, and I eagerly sucked up every bit.

He seemed a bit down that he had come so fast, but I assured him that the night was just starting and that I was sure he would last a lot longer the next time. With that he pulled me up on the bed and started sucking on my breasts again. He soon kissed his way down to my pubic hair and his tongue quickly found my erect clit!

My body seemed to be on fire as he licked and sucked on my clit. I raised my hips upward and reached down and pulled his head into my pussy as hard as I could. He eagerly lapped at my pussy as I had one orgasm after another. When I pulled him up to my face to kiss me, I found that he was hard again when he slid his hard prick into my slippery pussy. What a perfect fit! Finally, I had found the man who was built for me!

I raised my hips up and moved them from side to side while I squeezed my pussy around his plunging shaft. This had to be heaven. His in and out motion continued, and he showed no sign of coming anytime soon, so I asked him if he would do me in the backdoor.

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HAVE A GREAT BABY DAY!

He seemed a bit surprised, but he was willing, and he sure seemed able. Lying on my stomach, he lay on top of me for a minute, with his hard rod resting in between my buns. He felt great! Then he raised up and slowly guided his prick to the entrance of my backdoor. I spread my legs a little more and raised my butt up, and then he made his entry. It was great! I felt an incredible sense of pleasure and warmth as I had yet another orgasm. Then he very slowly and carefully slid the rest of his awesome (to me) five inches.

I tightened and then relaxed my bunghole repeatedly as he slowly thrust in and out. As he did so, he slid his hands up to my breasts and caressed them. Then he moved one hand down to my clit and gently rubbed it before sliding a finger into my wet pussy. He wiggled it around some and it felt incredible to have both of my holes being used.

His tempo started to build and I squeezed even harder as he thrust in and out and wiggled his finger around in my pussy and pressed up against clit. I seemed to be having one continuous orgasm and I was oblivious to everything else. His speed increased and his breath got faster and then I felt his prick pulsate within me as he moaned and I felt his seed squirt out deep inside my brown hole.

As we lay there in the bed, I new that I wanted to make love to Ricky many more times. I wanted to live with him, but I wasn't sure how to propose it. I needn't have worried. That was six months ago. We're engaged and have been living together for the last five months.

Janice and Ricky

Seductive at Sixty

I have just returned from spending a month with my elder sister, Nell, and her husband, and I just have to tell you about someone I met at the end of my first week there, and with whom I spent a very lively affair for the last three weeks.

Her name was Vivian, and she was sixty years old, and the most thrilling human being I have ever met. Of course I told my sister, and of course she called our mother and told her. I would like to tell you what I overheard my sister saying to Mother over the phone briefly. Nellie did not know that I heard her end of the conversation, and it kind of tickled me.

"Bob's got a girlfriend, Mama. She's sixty years old, but she's mad about him. What? Yes, that's what I said. She's sixty years old, and she is built like a woman half that age. He met her at the laundromat last week, she took him home with her and fucked his brains loose."

I had taken a few of my smelly gym things to the laundromat that day, and had just tossed them into the washer when she came in with some drapes to launder. I spotted her right away because she and I

were the only ones there, but mostly because she was one of the most attractive women I had ever seen.

She had white hair which was cut short and stylishly, and an oval face with big, sparkly, hazel eyes. And she had a body that just went on and on! I knew she was sixty, or close to it, but she had a figure a twenty-year-old girl would kill for. She was tall—about five feet ten inches—and stately looking, obviously from good stock, and she had the most beautiful pair of legs and hips on her that I've ever seen. And what an ass!

She was wearing a pair of white shorts that day, the cuffs of which reached to about mid-thigh, and they fit her like a second skin, bringing out each curve and dimple. Her buttocks swelled outward to the rear, filling the seat of her shorts neatly, and kind of undulated gently when she walked. Her arms and legs were literally covered with miniature freckles, which only added to the strange allure of her.

I suddenly realized that I had a tremendous erection just from seeing her. When she looked over and our eyes met, it was like lightning had struck! It was instant and mutual for us. She wandered over to the bench I was sitting on and we began to chat. I kept glancing down at those gorgeous, round thighs where the tiny short hairs glistened here and there—I couldn't help it.

As it turned out, she was a widow, her husband having died four years earlier, leaving her a very profitable business. Before I knew it,

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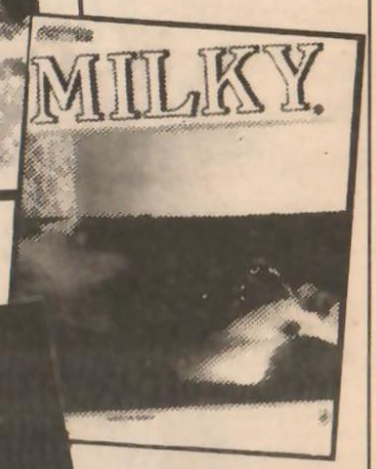

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I was calling my sister and was telling her that I would be gone for the afternoon.

This magnificent-looking lady had decided to let me fuck her. Why the hell she had chosen me is still beyond me. I had never had a piece of ass before—the only things I had ever seen was a porn videotape at my buddy's house. But as soon as we were inside Vivian's house, she began to hug me and rub her soft body against mine, kissing me and sticking her warm wet tongue into my mouth. My prick was throbbing and my balls were hurting me.

Finally, Vivian took me to her bedroom and undressed me. She started to kiss me, smiling at me the whole time and whispering words I could not hear over the roaring in my brain. She grinned when she saw my pecker spring upward and bounce stiffly.

Then she was undressing, and I was staring in wonder and disbelief, not even having the sense to help her. Her titties were not big, but they stood out there just as firm and proud as could be. And each one had a small, pinkish nipple. Her pussy was big, but it was a thing of sheer beauty to me. I mean, it swelled out real big, you know, and had lots of thick, curly brown hair all over it, and its lips and crack were real long. Man, it was pretty to look at! I tell you, that woman was nothing but curves and dimples and tiny freckles.

Then she drew me down onto the bed and began to hug me and kiss me some more, her fingers wandering all over me, her tongue wriggling into my mouth. I got so excited. I was getting to play with a pussy for the first time. And a female ass!

"A wild thrill shot through me as I felt the tip of my cock touch something hot and wet and slippery."

I began to notice that she was panting slightly, too, by then, and her cheeks were kind of flushed. I was still trying to regain my gumption when this beautiful woman drew me over on top of her and between her magnificent legs. A wild thrill shot through me as I felt the tip of my cock touch something hot and wet and slippery. I pushed, and it went sliding right down into her just as easily as all get-out.

This gorgeous lady was taking my virginity from me. Man, by the time I was all the way in, I was gritting my teeth to keep from screaming and I think my hair was standing straight up!

We were fucking, yet we were not fucking. What I mean is, we were not

doing it like the couple in the porn flick. I was just lying still and Vivian was embracing me and was just moving very slowly under me, her hips kind of flowing in several directions real gently. I knew I could not take much of that, and I was right.

I could not say anything because she had her tongue in my mouth, so I just groaned softly, and my cock jolted in her. I felt her jump slightly in pleasant surprise, then she drew back her head and beamed up at me, her eyes dancing. She knew what had happened. She held me deep inside her and never completely stopped that slow and maddening motion of her hips as we waited for me to be ready again. I reached past her hip and played with her dimpled ass as we waited. The second time we fucked, she had a great big orgasm moments before I did, I am proud to say.

She fucked me three different times that afternoon, and had two big orgasms herself in the process. Then she drove me home, and I was still in my pink fog. Man, I could not believe that this really magnificent and elegant lady had actually let me fuck her!

The next afternoon I was lying on the bed in my room reading a magazine when my sister came in.

"There's some woman here to see you. She's out in the living room," Nell said.

"Some woman? Is she tall with white hair?" I asked, sitting up.

"And with a Raquel Welch figure? That's her," Nellie nodded.

"Hot damn!" I whispered happily, bouncing off the bed and brushing past my sister. "It's Vivian!"

We went back to Viv's house and lounged around nude and fucked all afternoon. Every time we coupled, it was a brand-new adventure for us. We did not try to devour each other; when we fucked it was in that same slow, squirmy way and we hugged each other real tight, too. Vivian liked it that way best, and she usually went off, too. It seemed like it was more than just sex to us somehow.

She also gave me my first blow-job that second day. There again she did not do it like the girl in the movie. She held my cock in both slender hands like she was afraid it would run away, and just sucked real hard on the head and kind of chewed carefully and moved her tongue all around it.

She could make it last a long, long time that way, but when I finally went off, it seemed like everything was flying out through my shaft and into her mouth. She liked that. I remember that on my third or fourth blow-job from her, when she was on her knees with both hands gripping the shaft, she suddenly lifted her white head and began to lick all over my glowing knob, laughing at herself like a little girl licking a lollipop.

Vivian taught me how to eat her pussy, too, and that was something I fell in love with. Every time I was with her, I spent at least an hour with my face in her warm, hairy crotch,

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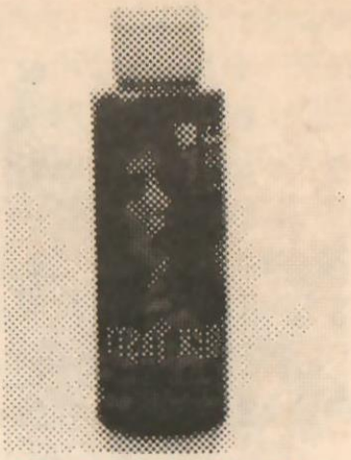

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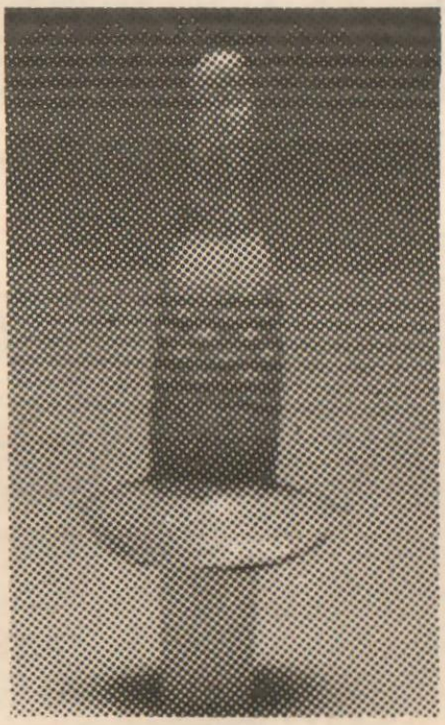

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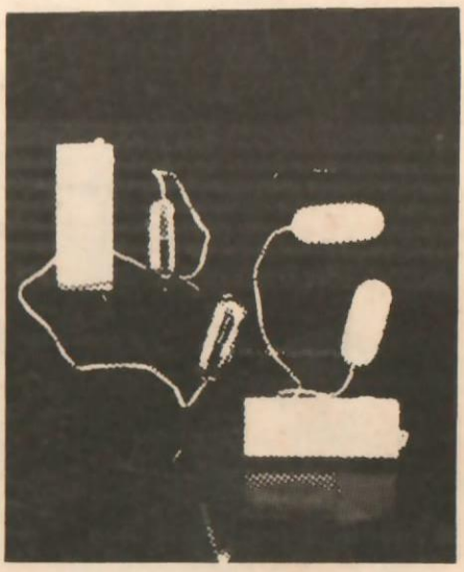

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and she would twist and squirm like mad.

It took me awhile to get to enjoy that act (about three seconds, I think). Vivian assured me that every female I ever meet will like the things she was teaching me how to do with my mouth.

Man, I would get down there and just lick and lick all over her big pussy and stick my tongue into it a million times, rubbing my face in the curly brown hair. She showed me her clitoris and taught me how to nibble on it and tease it with the tip of my tongue.

That was one grand lady, and out of this world, and I still miss her now that I am back home again.

Bob and Vivian

Naughty Nurse

He was fabulous. About six-one, dirty-blond hair and the bluest eyes. He bopped when he walked. God! I loved his ass. He was going to be mine!

He was a new nurse and I was assigned to orientate him. After we got through all the formalities, the supervisor left us to all the paper work.

He sat so close to me at the desk that I had all I could do to keep from grabbing his meat right then and there. He wore these tight white pants, and you could see his dick rub against them when he walked. And he knew it!

Nurses always talk about sex. Don't ask me why, it just comes up in every conversation.

My aides were in the back room on break, and as usual they were talking about sex. (On the 11-7 shift there's not much to do.) We could hear every word.

"We stayed up all night and played and fucked. Man, he had a big cock. I love a man with a big cock," Ann said.

Ann was one of my black aides and loved sex and men. I really liked her, we could sit for hours and talk about fucking.

"Man, my husband likes me to dress up for his ass. I sort of dance around for him in my black underwear and his juicy cock stands right up and watches me. He plays with it, jerking it off as he watches me grind. Honey, he goes fucking wild!" Ann said as she moaned remembering it.

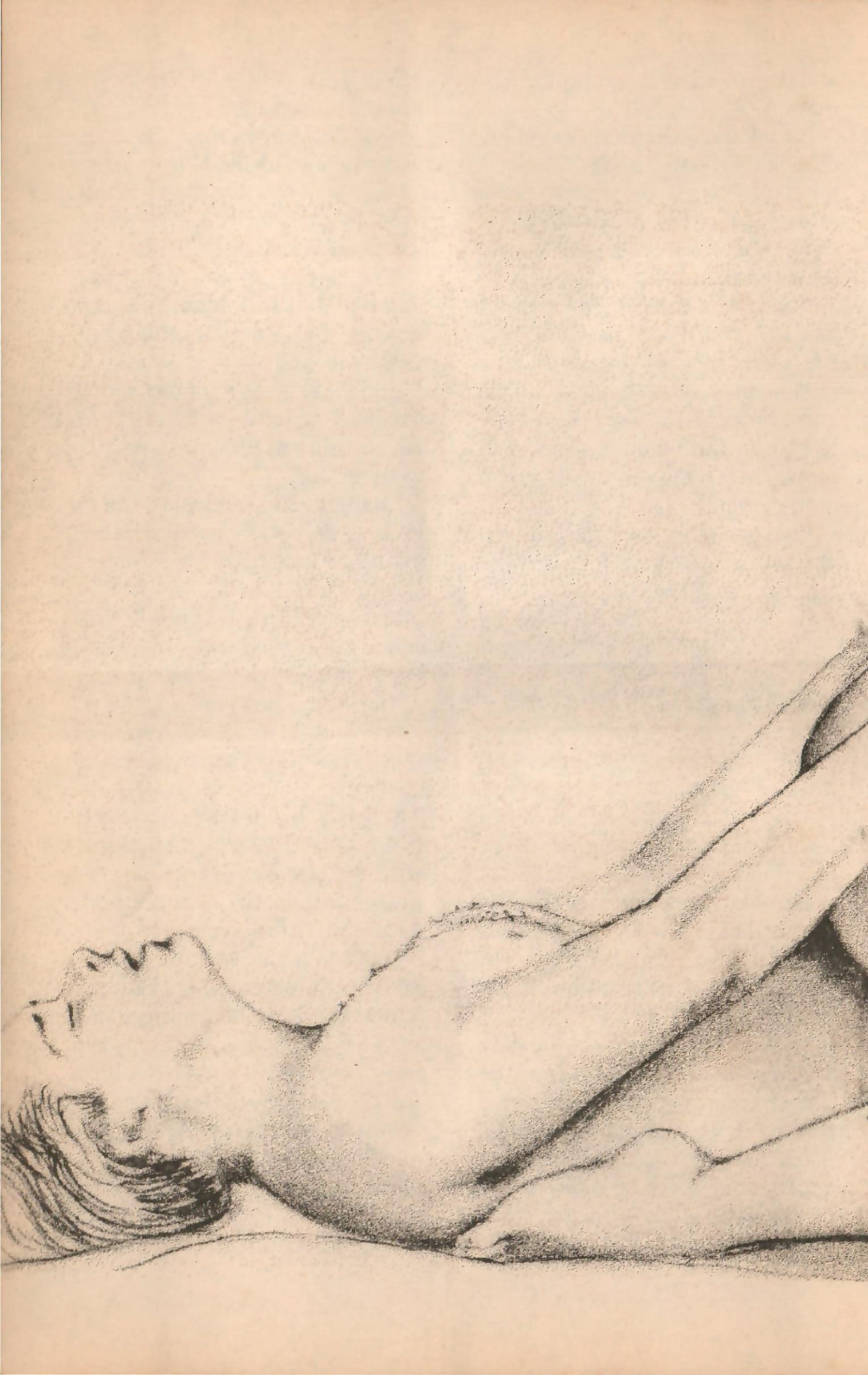
"Oh shit!" Mary said in response.

I was ready to cream my pants as I listened.

"Then he pushes me on the bed and rips my fucking clothes off and fucks the shit out of me. He's so fucking bad, man," Ann finished. "Whoa! He's a fucking maniac, girl!"

I peeked a sneaky look over at Jeff's crotch and could see his cock getting big. I grinned to myself. I could feel the juice stirring in my hot pussy. (I'm always hot—I love sex.) *God! How am I going to get through the night?* I thought to myself.

He moved and I could see his dick reach down the leg of his pants begging to get out. I wanted to get that dick in my mouth so bad. His co-



logne even drove me fucking crazy.

"Jeff, I'm going on my break now. I'll be in the TV room if you want me."

He stood up to let me pass and I deliberately pushed my ass against his cock as I passed. *That will teach you to cocktease me*, I thought to myself.

He took in a deep breath. I knew he wanted me just as much as I wanted him.

I turned the light off, opened the window and sat back on the couch with my eyes closed. I thought about Jeff and his stiff cock. I licked my lips as I reached down and slipped my hand under my panties. I fondled my hairy bush and rubbed my cunt. I was really into it when someone grabbed my hand. He took it to his face and kissed it. He pulled me to my feet and kissed me softly on my lips, my neck, and my ears.

"I could feel myself reaching my peak of endurance. I dug my nails into his ass, never wanting this feeling to stop."

He unbuttoned my dress and exposed my tits and started sucking them softly, then biting them gently. I was melting. He was moving downward. He lifted my dress and pulled my panties to my knees, kissing my stomach all the while.

I spread my legs so he could get his tongue closer to my clit. He kissed and licked my longing pussy. My body squirmed and writhed with pleasure.

He stood up and kissed me with such passion. I unzipped his pants and removed his hard dick, slowly jerking it with feathery strokes. I fingered his balls as I lowered myself to eat his cock.

I bathed his dick in saliva, licking the underside of the shaft.

"Oh, baby! I love to get my cock sucked. Don't stop," he begged.

My hot eager mouth sucked his balls and his cock so hard that he had to pull me away before he came.

I lay on the couch and he rubbed his dick against my hot cunt lips, teasing me, making me beg for it.

"So, you want this?" he asked as he pushed the tip of his cock by my clit.

"Please, don't tease me. You know I want you. I wanted you from the first moment I saw you. Fuck me, fuck me, now." I wiggled my ass to get his cock to slip in.

"Oh, yes! Yes!" I moaned.

"You sucked my cock real good, baby!" Jeff moaned as he ground his dick in deeper and deeper. His eyes were slits, his head was thrown back.

He started moving his hips faster

and faster, grunting as he did. I knew he was getting ready to give me his hot cum.

I could feel myself reaching my peak of endurance. I dug my fingernails into his ass, never wanting it to stop.

"Now! Now!" he panted.

We exploded together. I came with such intenseness that we fell to the floor. We both laughed. Then he put his head between my legs and licked our cum out of my cunt. He was a good cuntlapper.

I quietly opened the door. Nobody was around so I pushed him out first. I watched his ass stroll down that hall and felt my cunt twitch.

"I hope he works nights," I said quietly as I followed.

Ruth and Jeff

Hands Off

First off, let me tell you that she and I do not have anything going. She is my tenant and I'm her landlord, and the relationship we have on the surface is all business and we continue to keep it that way.

The way it all started was because she also rents my post office box from me and I noticed that she gets the same plain brown envelope each month that I do. They have the same return address from the letter magazine.

She, like me, doesn't date at all, and appears to use her hands just like I use my own for self-satisfaction, or at least I thought so.

That's mostly why, at least in the summer, I go out and jack off every morning on the back porch within plain sight of her cabin. She has even mentioned one day about always being late for work because of things that needed to be done before getting dressed. Her blush made me believe that masturbation was what she was talking about.

She confirmed it one day just after I had come. I was sitting out there like I usually did with my robe open and my hand working on my cock. The incredible feeling as I worked my shaft was getting to me and I lay down before I fell down.

My balls contracted and my cock pulsed, and rope after rope of white-hot cum shot out of me to land back down on my chest in a sticky puddle.

I lay there for a few moments listening to the birds when I heard another sound. It was someone else having fun, too.

I sat up and saw her across the lawn on her own little deck, naked, with her heels under her and knees spread. Her fingers were moving in and out of her pussy just as my hand had been doing to myself just moments before.

We had reached a milestone. She had decided on doing herself for me as I had been doing me for her.

I reached down and grasped my stiff cock and started doing it again. I had no other intention than getting a closer look, which is exactly what I had always fantasized her doing

with me, so I walked over her way as I stroked my hard meat.

She confided in me later that she had always wanted to move closer, but wasn't brave enough to. She was glad that I did and that was the reason she had been on the porch that day. She knew that I might have more confidence than she did.

At ten feet I stopped and cleared my throat so she would know I was there. She picked her head up and gave me a big smile.

"I need to come for you," she said. "Watch me do it. Watch me come."

Her pink slit was red and her vulva was puffy. White froth leaked out of her as she stroked her hole.

I didn't even break my rule of "hands off." I just watched her do it as she had watched me that day and for many yesterdays.

Neither she nor I stopped, either. I came again then, and grunted when I was ready, so she could watch the cum shoot out of me.

I continued to do it to myself for a third time and then a fourth. The reality was even hotter then the fantasy, unlike some of the experiences I have had in a "hands-on" situation.

Finally, I just had to stop stroking. My cock had gotten soft and nothing I did to it, nor anything I watched her do, could get it hard again.

I begged her to stop, saying that I couldn't do it anymore. She didn't have to stop, but she did, because she understood. Then she told me to stay put and she disappeared for a moment before returning with two cups of coffee.

Sitting there naked but not touching, we sipped our coffee and talked about what we had just done, separately and together.

Neither she nor I was ashamed or embarrassed. We planned on how we were going to continue this newfound relationship even when the rains came in the fall and it would be too cold out here.

As we spoke, my cock got hard again. She looked down at it and told me that "it looked ready to go again." I put down my cup and started doing myself again as she sat next to me and watched.

Our relationship continues. She still pays the rent on time, but now we only get one brown envelope instead of two, and share other true experiences as hot as our own.

Best of all, it's safe for both of us and still satisfying to each. "Hands-off" sex is just as good as "hands-on!"

Names Withheld by Request

For Ladies Only

One night last week, I heard of a new bar on the other side of town. It was called *For Ladies Only*. Thinking it was full of male strippers, I dressed in a short skirt and see-through blouse. I wore neither panties or a bra beneath them.

As I made the hour-long drive, I could picture all those hunks in skimpy briefs. I was so aroused that I rubbed my cunt. By the time I pulled into the parking lot, I was

wet. . .very wet. The bar was conveniently located next to a motel.

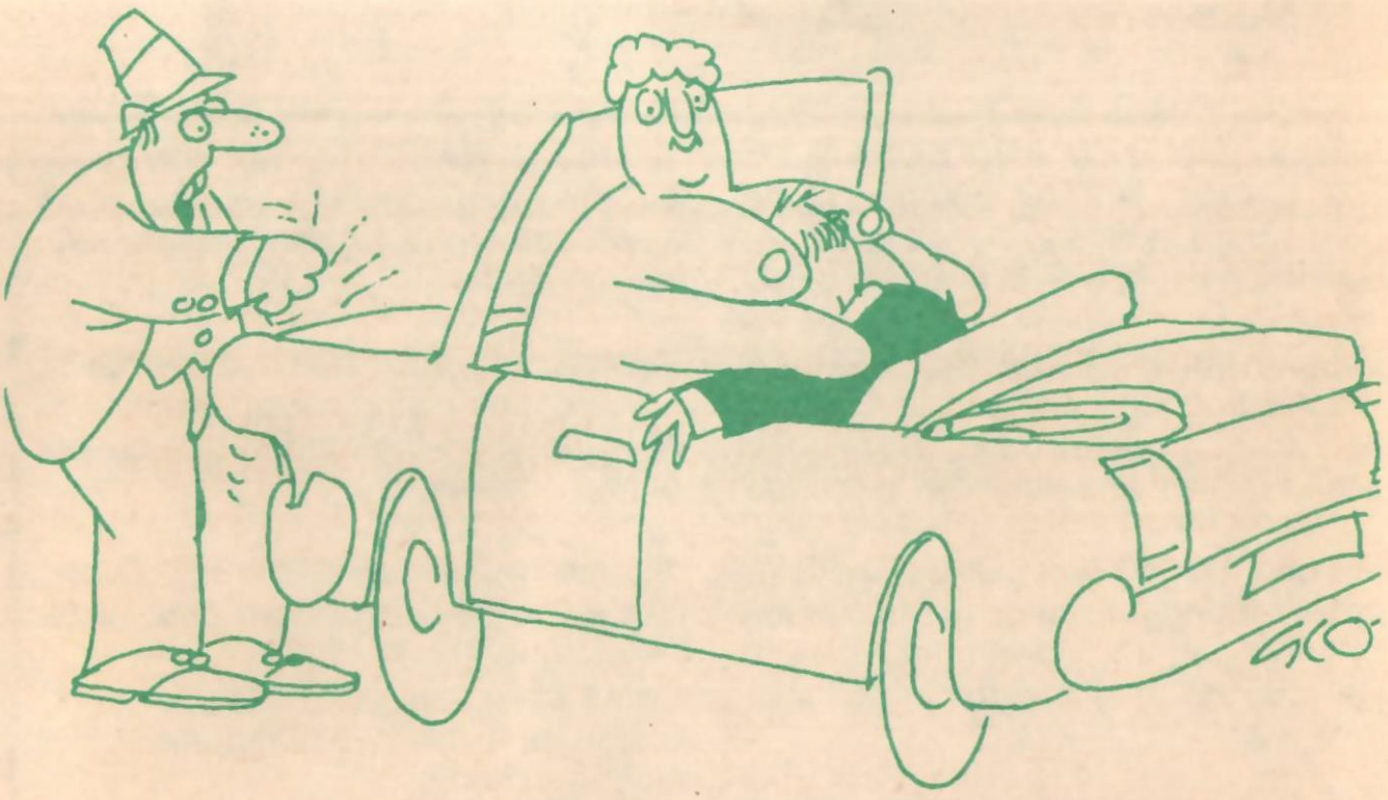
Inside the dimly lit bar, I took a table in the back. The waitress, an exotic black woman, took my order. I glanced around at the other tables. Women were everywhere. They were huddled in small groups and they all seemed to be talking at once.

The waitress brought over my drink, a Scotch, straight up. I asked when the male strippers would be out and she laughed. When I glanced over at the table next to me, I understood why. Two of the most gorgeous women I had ever seen had their hands under each other's skirt. I downed my drink and ordered another one, suddenly realizing how much I was being turned on.

I took a long look at the waitress. Her hair was pulled to one side, hanging loosely over her shoulder. Her top was low-cut and whenever she leaned forward, her pointed nipples peeked out at me. (I was sitting under one of the few lights.)

Her skirt was short and I could see the curve of her buttocks. I found myself getting wet again. When she returned with my drink, I learned that her name was Lisa. I asked how much longer she had to work and she told me another hour. I nodded and she asked if I was planning to stick around. I nodded again.

The longer I sat there, the more I was turned on. Especially when she waited on the table on the other side of me. A very masculine-looking woman slid her hand up Lisa's skirt and between her legs. Her knees



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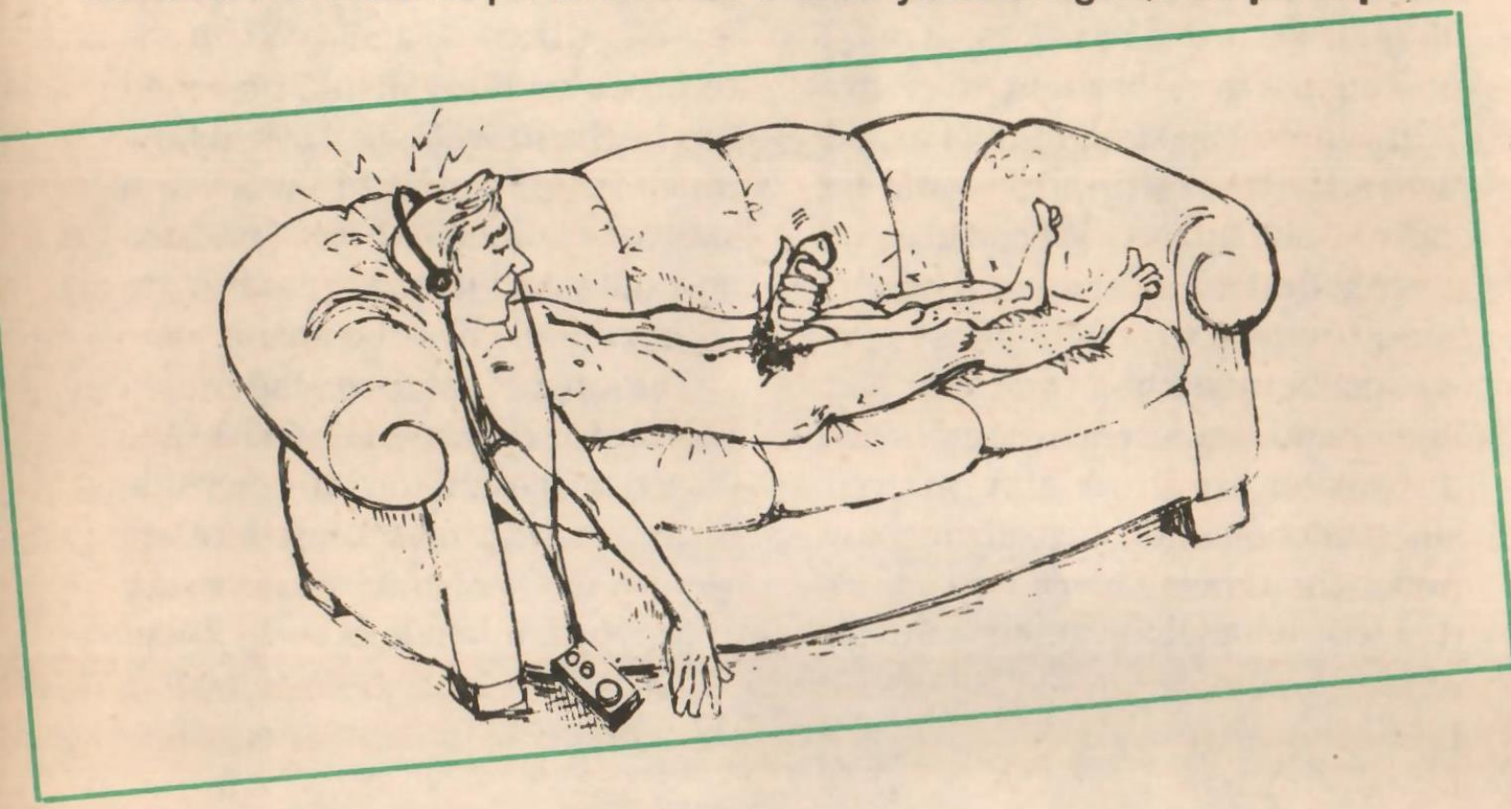

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BS 70

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bent slightly and I could see the other woman's hand moving faster and faster as Lisa swayed back and forth. The woman handed her a bill and returned to her friend sitting next to her. Lisa shrugged and shook her head as she passed me. Fifteen minutes later, Lisa was off work and inviting me to her room at the motel next door.

I followed her to a quiet room all the way in the back of the motel. She turned the lamp on and told me to just make myself comfortable. So I stretched out on the double bed. My skirt rode up and the light from the lamp danced on my exposed mound. I closed my eyes for a moment and thought of Lisa.

I could feel my nipples harden against the thin material of my blouse. Lisa traced the outline of my aureolas over my blouse and slowly unbuttoned it, pulling it open. Her lips were soft and moist against my skin as she nipped and sucked gently.

Lisa slid her hand under my skirt and rubbed the small mass of hair. Her long fingers traced my slit. Instinctively, I opened my legs. Lisa gasped at how wet I was. I explained how I rubbed myself in the car and then being turned on by the woman who rubbed her cunt.

As Lisa continued to rub the palm of her hand over my wet cunt, she confided that she liked to watch other women play with themselves. We undressed each other, then I leaned back on the bed and moved my fingers over my eager mound. Lisa took in a breath as I pumped three fingers in and out of the opening.

When it was her turn, I just couldn't hold back. Her dark bush was so neatly trimmed and her cunt lips taut. I just had to taste her, watching as my fingers slid in and out of her delicious tunnel. I pulled her cunt lips apart, darting my tongue all over her clit. Lisa held my head to her clit, screaming out for me to suck it as hard as I could. She screamed in ecstasy as I buried my face against her writhing pelvis, bringing her from one orgasm to another. I continued to suck her clit and lap at her juice after each orgasm.

"Lisa screamed in ecstasy as I buried my face against her writhing pelvis, bringing her from one orgasm to another."

Lisa pushed me back on the bed. She draped my legs over her shoulders and began to lap hungrily. I pulled my cunt lips open, begging her to suck my swollen clit. Lisa sucked with all her might, plunging

her fingers into me as she brought me to multiple orgasms.

Lisa and I have moved in together. Both of us work at *For Ladies Only* now. Our tips are great. . .especially when someone hands us a twenty-dollar bill to let them rub our cunts. Next week, Lisa and I are going to do a simulated sex act on the stage. But, if I know my lover, it'll be the real thing.

Patti and Lisa

Secret Pleasure

I have to share with your readers. I can't believe it's happening. I am having an incredible affair with my wife's sister, who is sixty-eight years old. She is a widow for eight years and hasn't had sex with a man for nine years as her husband was sick.

What makes it so great and beautiful is that it's like making love with a virgin. The only sex she ever had with her husband was straight intercourse in the missionary position. It was so exciting and thrilling as I gently taught and showed her the joys and pleasure of open sex.

It began at a family wedding. My wife wasn't feeling good and told me to dance with her sister. Tina is about five feet five. She has kept herself in good shape, a little plump with large breasts. My wife is heavy. As we were dancing, she moved close to me and held me tight.

Soon I realized her tits were up against my chest and her belly to my crotch. It seemed she was rubbing against me. I could actually feel my prick getting hard by the end of the dance. I had a hard-on and she had to feel it against her. The next set of dances it got even better. She was really rubbing on my hard prick and I was enjoying it. She had her eyes closed as she did it. It got so, I looked forward to the next set of dances, and all night I was like a kid, almost dry humping my sister-in-law.

That night even though my wife wasn't feeling good, I had to fuck her even though it was a quickie. I thought about her sister and pumped her cunt with my cum very fast. I am fifty-one and my wife is fifty-two.

That week, Tina came over for dinner and she gave me a big hug and kiss and asked my wife if I could do work on her house on weekends or some time at night if I could. That night in bed, after I again fucked my wife's cunt, she asked me if I would do the work for my sister-in-law.

I said yes, and she thanked me. The first two times I went over there nothing happened. The third time, on a Saturday morning, we had coffee together. I went to work, and about two hours later I took a break. She was cleaning the living room.

She had the radio on and I don't know how I got the courage, but as a slow song was playing I went up to her and grabbed her and began dancing. She had a long robe on. As I pulled her tight, I could feel her soft tits against me. She didn't have a bra on. She put her head on my shoulder and slowly I moved my hand to her

asscheeks, which were soft through her panties.

She had her eyes closed. I was rubbing my hard cock on her belly and she felt it. I asked if it felt good, and she just nodded. I moved behind her and pressed my cock on her asscheeks and kissed her neck. She put her head back and I kissed her lips. Then, slowly, I moved my hands under her tits. She moved and moaned. I pushed her back and was now gently rubbing her nipples, which I could feel were getting hard. Then I was dry humping her ass.

It was so exciting. I didn't give a shit about her age. I was really into rubbing her tits. There were no buttons to open, she had to take the whole robe off. Finally, we moved to the couch and I kissed her on the lips. She was now responding, holding my head.

My hands were all over her tits. A few times she wanted to stop, but as I coaxed her, she continued. We kept kissing and slowly I moved my hands between her legs.

I kept telling her, "It's okay. I'm so hot for you and you really want it to happen. You liked me rubbing my cock against you."

Soon my finger reached her cunt and I rubbed it over the panties which were wet. Then I slid a finger under her panties and into her slit hole. She was soaked and she moaned she was so hot. When my thumb hit her clit, she went nuts. As I kissed her, I began to finger-fuck her cunt and play with her clit. She kept closing her cunt on my hands and soon she was moaning like crazy that she was going to come. I just kept finger-fucking her cunt.

Her cunt exploded and her juices kept flowing out. She was coming for the first time in nine years. She just kept kissing me, holding me tight. Then I just kept my finger in her cunt. I took her hand and moved it to my cock, which was so hard.

She pulled away and I said, "Tina, it's okay, no one will know. I'm so hot. Just play with it and touch it. I'm going to come."

Soon she had her hand on it. I took it out and my six-inch cock wanted to come. I covered her hand and showed her how to jerk it off. As I kissed her and she was jerking me, I came, spurting my sperm in the air.

We were like on a first date. I got her to the bedroom and finally took her robe and panties off. She looked good in the nude. I told her I wanted to fuck her and that she would like it. She was in a daze, and soon I was between her legs and my cockhead was on the tip of her cunt. I held it and began to rub it up and down her cunt lips and clit.

She had her head turned to the side and her eyes, closed, but her cunt was ready for it. I pushed the head in and then slowly moved until I got my whole cock in her cunt. She was pretty tight for her age, and wet.

Soon, I was going in and out. I pulled it out all the way and then slowly inserted it into her cunt all the way. I lifted her legs up and began to fuck her cunt, first slow and then as she moaned and moved—faster.

Soon I was splashing her cunt with my cum. I stroked inside of her until all my cum was deep in her cunt.

I just lay on top of her, kissing her and feeling her tits. It felt so good to me. I didn't care about anything. I was so happy I fucked her. She was happy and feeling a little guilty, but I kept assuring her it was okay. We both enjoyed it.

Again, I had sex with my wife and, as she sucked me until I came in her mouth, my thoughts were of Tina's lips. The next time Tina and I talked a lot over coffee, and I told her I wanted to fuck her again.

She finally said she liked it and she just wanted assurance. The second time she was a little more relaxed and I fucked her cunt until I came inside of her. Then, after we finished, I wanted to go down and eat her pussy. She pushed me away and we talked as we kissed and touched each other. She never had oral sex done to her or even sucked her husband's cock.

I told her how I suck her sister's cunt and she loves it and how she sucks me and even swallows my cum. Tina was getting hot from the talk, and my fingers in her cunt and clit.

I said, "Tina, let me just suck you, and if you don't like it, I'll stop, and you don't have to suck my cock."

Well, I finally got to go down and began to tease her cunt with my tongue. When I flicked her clit with my tongue it was like an electric shock to her.

Soon I was licking her cunt lips and sucking her clit. Her cunt was getting so wet and she was moaning.

I began to really suck her cunt, sticking my tongue in her cunt and licking her juices. She began to have an incredible orgasm. More juices kept coming out of her cunt to my tongue and mouth. She was really going crazy, her legs and thighs closing on my head. She was really getting off.

Man, I feasted on her cunt cream. She came more than my wife. I finally stopped. She was so exhausted. I hugged her. I was so happy. I kissed her on the mouth for a long time. I fucked her again before I left. The next week I sucked her cunt for a long time and fucked her. She really liked my sucking her cunt.

She came and came all over my mouth. Two weeks later as I was sucking her cunt, I moved so my cock was near her face. We talked about it. She would just kiss it but not suck it. I began to really suck her cunt and she was really getting hot.

I said, "Tina, put your mouth over my cockhead."

I couldn't believe it but she was ready to come. She put her mouth over my cock and was slurping the head with her mouth. She came in my face. She pulled my cock out and I kept sucking her for a while. Then I moved up to her and kissed her. Then I was kneeling by her head. I turned her head around and with my hand I pushed my cock near her mouth.

I said, "Tina, go ahead, suck it. It's not that bad."

She opened her mouth and I put my cock in it and began to tell her how to lick and suck it. She was moving up and down my cock and then I told her I'm going to come. I pulled out and exploded on her tits.

It took me another week but I got to come in her mouth. She spit it out and then later she got to swallow some of my cum. Today she swallows as much as she can. She loves sucking my cock. She likes sixty-nine. As she comes in my mouth, I flood her mouth with my cum.

She is so hot and horny. She is doing stuff she never did, and at age sixty-eight, she loves it. She is so wild. She likes anal fucking. Now I come in her ass and she loves it. I fuck her in all positions—doggie style, sideways, you name it.

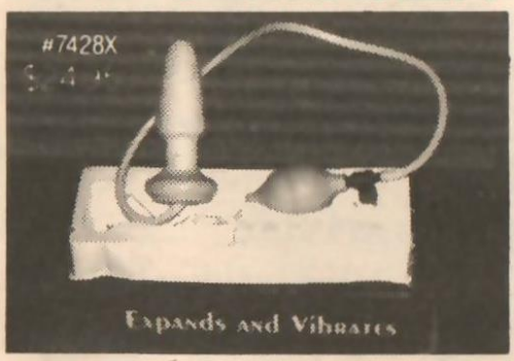
We both have no regrets about fucking and sucking each other. She admitted she was very horny and hot and thought about sex a lot. She didn't ever masturbate, and that night at the wedding she liked feeling my hard cock, but was scared and embarrassed.

She said, "Deep down I wanted to get fucked so bad."

She loves the oral sex and the anal sex and the different positions. It's made me more hot for my wife, too, and I fuck and suck her a lot with more passion. I'm thinking about telling my wife because I think she knows or suspects it.

It's now eight months and I'm still sucking Tina's hot cunt and fucking her. She looks forward to my visits two times a week. She is very open

THE CLIMAXER



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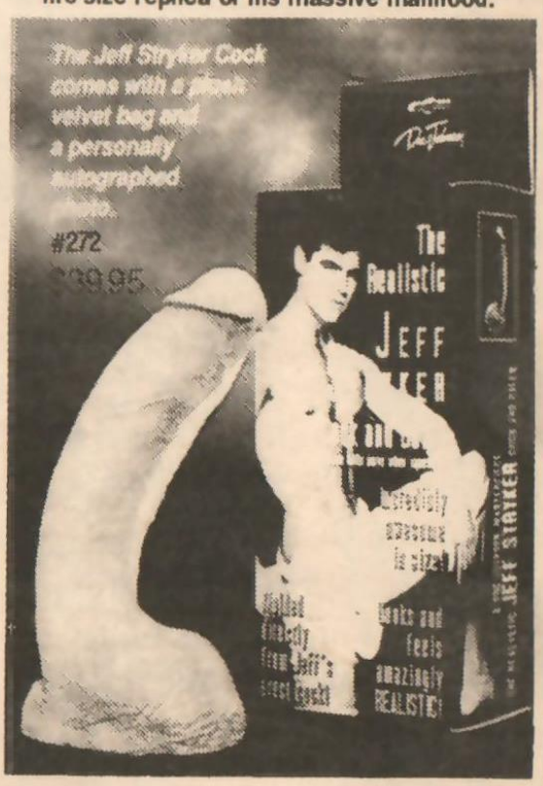


See page 96 to order

now and will tell me when she wants me to suck her cunt out. She will put my cock in her mouth and suck me off without me telling her.

I hope you print this. I want to show her the joys she has given me.

John and Tina

Down Under

Nina was a native Australian in her late-twenties and gorgeous. Her legs were as long as they were well-formed; her face was almost flawless; her hair long and loose and shining in the warm afternoon sun. And she seemed blissfully untroubled that I had come upon her sunbathing in a topless swimsuit.

She was no idiot, so she remained a bit cautious at first. We were alone on that stretch of white sand for the moment and I was a stranger, a foreigner and obviously of the male persuasion. It grew more obvious, every time my eyes drifted to those tanned casabas and the upturned, pointed nipples at the tips of each. The telltale bulge in my Fast Tracks swim trunks kept growing as a direct result.

I told her all about myself, hoping this would put her at ease. It worked, though she seemed in no hurry to return to my hotel room with me. I sighed, then gave my head a shake. Springing to my feet, I alarmed her and Nina's arms instinctively crossed in front of herself. She got to her feet, too, her hands now shielding those firm, round melons from my view. Her face was tenser than before and her eyes watched me intently.

I bit my lip, paced around her. She followed me with her eyes and then her entire body, turning slowly on the sand. I had to be honest, so I was.

"I'd really love to fuck you, Nina, but it's up to you. I don't force or trick or even seduce anybody."

Her eyes said I'd scored with that approach, yet her hands remained in their protective posture. I invited her to sit again and then I joined her.

"You don't have to do any of those things," she whispered to me.

"I don't?"

A small shake of her head, the beginnings of a smile. "Not for me. But let's talk awhile more, shall we?"

I agreed, smoothing down the front of my trunks. Somewhere sports entered the conversation and she showed uncommon interest in American athletics. As an avid weekend ballplayer back home, I admitted to "shagging my share of flies," which brought a really unexpected reaction.

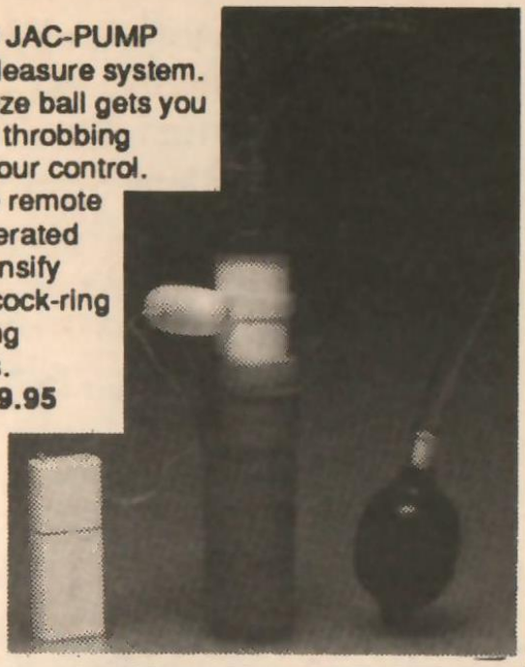
Nina laughed. So deep and uncontrollably hard that her sun-browned tits wiggled behind her hands. She had to shake her head and bite her lip to regain control of herself. Then she looked at me, her dark eyes shining.

"What in hell is that supposed to mean, Brad?"

"Shagging flies," I repeated helplessly. "It's baseball, fielding practice."

"Well," she admitted with a

ELECTRO JAC - PUMP



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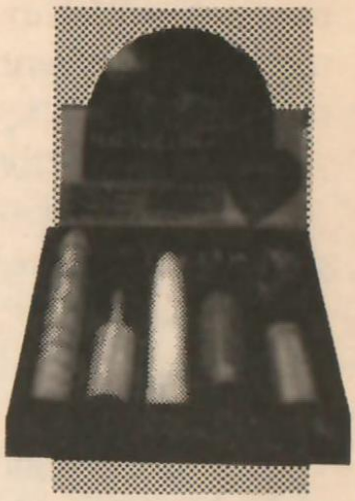

"My wife and I never were imaginative lovers. We did the missionary position only. Then I bought MAGIC CLIMAX from a magazine ad, and our sex life has never been the same. We spend most weekends in bed. You could say that our marriage was reborn once the kit arrived." ...Mr. E.F., Macon, GA.
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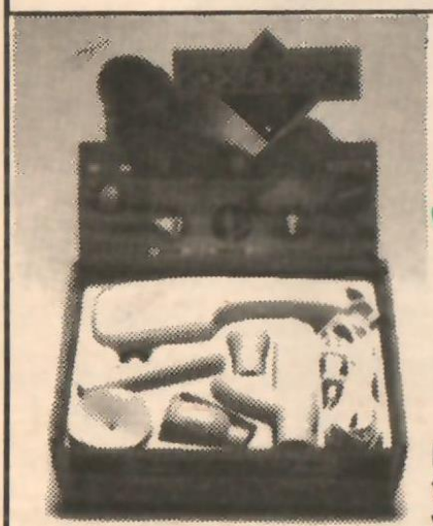

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WILD VIBRATIONS KIT

"I'm no nympho. I just liked having sex more than I got from my man. Watching me use WILD VIBRATIONS really turned him on. Now we're into a whole new scene and I get as much sex as I can handle." ...Stacey C., Springfield, IL.
Kit includes: heavy duty, variable speed 7-inch vibrator,; nosy mouse extension; clit stroker extension with five firm nodules; four-prong extension; little fingers extension; two-plus-two firm prong extension; two C-cell batteries.
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She's made for hot, wild sex. YOUR LOVE LOVE DOLL. Oil up your dick 'cause this blonde honey is ready anytime for the pounding she's going to get from you. Sink your tool into her warm pussy, firm ass, or let blondie suck you dry with her willing mouth. Take her to bed soon! Realistic in every detail, including her hair.
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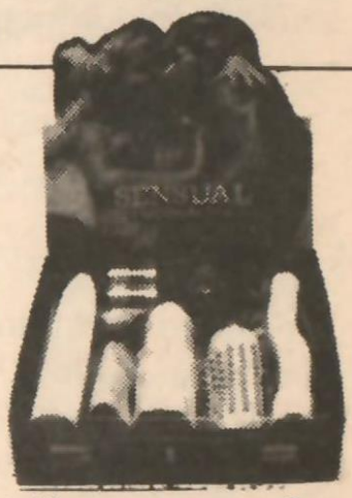

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See page 96 for order information.

smirk, "I do admit it rather conjures up an image!" And then she started laughing again.

I realized the term "to shag" had a whole different meaning in the local slang. And somehow, from her lusty amusement, I could guess what it referred to. I looked her in the eye so seriously that she stopped her laughing and matched my stare.

"I think," I told her calmly, "that I'd like to shag one here and now. But not a baseball, or even a baseball player. A woman, maybe."

I paused, licked my lips and saw her do the same in response. A fresh trail of sweat formed right under Nina's neck and it slowly flowed down her smooth chest, between the pair of thin straps that disappeared around her shoulders to hold her topless suit in place, and out of sight where her upraised wrists crossed.

"How about me?" she whispered.

"How 'bout you, indeed," I responded.

I kissed her on the lips, slowly and with no other parts of our bodies touching. At first, at least. Then her arms uncrossed, her hands came cautiously across the towel she sat on.

She touched my knees, stroked them. As she gave me her tongue, her fingers also drifted up my legs to clutch my hips.

Nina encouraged me to press close and soon our flesh was rubbing, pushing together from our mouths to our impatient (if still clothed) crotches.

We held each other by our butts and licked each other's faces. I nibbled her ear—she blew in mine and whispered a catalog of her favorite positions.

"I brought my head up, thrust my tongue down her throat and pinched both cherry nipples ruthlessly."

Then, laughing softly, she added, "Shag me but good, Yank!"

The beach was too public, but neither of us could wait long enough to get to my room. So we hurried to her car, an old British-made compact.

It was cramped but adequate, especially when we folded down the passenger-side seat.

We squirmed on our sides, facing each other. I pulled the thin straps down and feasted on her tits as Nina wriggled free of her suit. I slobbered greedily on those hot, young casabas, lips smacking and gums working that soft flesh, teasing them to a tingling blush. I brought my head up, thrust my tongue down her throat and pinched both cherry nipples ruthlessly.

Nina moaned, clawing at the front of my swimsuit. She got me free on the third try and immediately pulled my dick toward her gaping, waiting hole. That little car rocked on its shocks as I plowed that tender young Australian cunny. I worked the muscles of my lower body to vary the angle of my thrusts. The force and frequency of my piston-blows were a model of consistency, however.

I did her hard. I did her fast and deep.

"Oh," she gasped from her throat. "Oh, oh, oh!" Nina's eyes rolled back, her mouth quivered, she wrinkled her nose. "Oh! Oh! Ohhhhh!"

I felt her box contract around me, leaking juices even as it tightened in a spasm of intense pleasure.

I grabbed her hips, digging my fingers into her tanned skin and adding the jerking force of my arms to the machine-like pounding of my pelvis against hers, of my cock deep inside her.

She gasped again, this time wordlessly, and I kissed her. I held my lips to hers and felt the hot sauce bubble up my length and out into her spasming cunny. The sauce cooled the fire deep within her and Nina murmured, stroked my ear.

Her tongue moved slowly over my forehead, the beginning of what would be a head-to-toe thank you. I decided I liked the Aussie version of "shagging" better than the Stateside version.

Brad and Nina

Supply and Demand

Jen is a jizz junkie who just can't get enough of sperm. This new woman in my life told me upfront how important spunk was to her. She has an obsessive demand for it, and not just in her mouth and pussy. She gets off on body painting herself with a tankload of cum.

Hey, this is fine by me! I only hope I can continue supplying the spunk she requires. It's a mystical experience for this fox and she'll tell me how the Life Force manifests itself in my jism. This philosophical party animal has caused me to get it up again and again.

That's why staying in shape is important. It gives me the staying power and stamina at her snatch. She's so super hot that the last thing I want is to lose her. So I'll jog with her around the park. Or we'll do twenty miles on the ten speeds. And after these workouts, she exercises erotically to make my hard-on history.

Jen is a tease and a half with a curvy figure and sultry smile. Her dark hair floats around that smooth complexioned face and her sensuously shaped lips cry out for cock. Add to that description her super big tits, always hungry for a hose down of dick juice, and you have a portrait of Jen.

Today was typical. It wasn't enough that we jogged around the

park to limber up. And it wasn't enough that this naughty nymph led me into the woods, where she stroked jizz onto her bare tits. When we finally settled in the apartment, Jen was still gearing up for some wild fun.

She stood before me, the spandex forming a second layer of luscious skin on her curvy legs. She rested her hands on her hips and pointed her forefingers at her pussy.

"I'm so wet," she whispered. "C'mon and whip it out for me."

I stripped quickly and sat on the edge of the couch to watch "Wonder Woman." She slid out of her T-shirt to expose her firm, white tits. My cum had hardened around her nipples after the park hose down. She licked the crusty stuff from her tits, causing her dark nipples to shiver with new excitement.

Jen slowly peeled out of the spandex leggings so I could see how juiced her joybox was. She touched her twat and gently strummed those puffy pussy lips. Inserting a few fingers into her syrupy snatch caused her to sway and swoon, a dreamy smile dominating her pretty face. Then she danced on up to my dick.

She sat on her heels and brushed back a few strands of dark hair from her forehead. She gazed at my solid groin with such a hunger. It's as if each time is her first. It made my dick ache and throb buoyantly before her.

She clutched the thick, hairy base of my bone and applied gentle squeezing pressure. Soon her steamy breath breezed onto my balls. She was at peace with the world and with my prick.

The steam heat effect on my erection drove me insane with desire. She licked each of my swelling love sacs before her wet tongue travelled up to my high hat. There, she rested her closed lips on my knob. After feeling the pounding beat of my prick, she smiled up with those hungry eyes.

"I need your sperm. C'mon and crank it out!"

She made it so easy. Her licking had lubed the hard length of my cock column. The way was slick for her tight hands which began squeezing and pumping frantically.

My cock disappeared into her moist mouth as she closed her lips around me. The roof of her mouth was brushed by my bone as I drove it in deeper and deeper. She became a portrait of passion, her cheeks working steadily, sucking savagely.

Jen's massaging fingertips caressed my hips. The both tickled and turned me on, forcing my sweaty body to heave forward time and again.

She started bobbing for apples as she sucked herself into a frenzy. My dick heated to the heights of arousal then and she knew I was getting closer and closer to coming.

Just then, she pulled from my prick to leave me suspended in lusty limbo. She wanted to bring her big boobs into play. She thrust her chest into my hard-on and used those fleshy globes to surround my shaft.

I began thrusting at a greater tempo, jabbing between her firm tits. Her smiling encouragement brought my solid shaft between her tits with such an urgency. I bucked hard and she cushioned the shock with those big jugs.

Her lips returned to burn with a barrage of kisses. My cockhead was again bathed in her warm saliva while her hand became vise-like on my shaft. When I groaned "Coming!" she brought my bone back to her tits.

Squatting before her, I blasted the cum onto her treasure chest. On and on, I hosed down her hooters until those fleshy slopes were slippery with sperm.

The jizz junkie really got off on the feel of my fuckjuice. She beamed at the glistening layer on her jugs and started massaging her mams. Then she blew onto the wet flesh so the sperm would harden.

Naturally, she demanded more from my dick. After licking the residue of jism from my shaft, she began stroking more stiffness onto my cock. When I was solid, she sat on my lap, pinning me with her hot pussy. Like her tits, her cunt had to have the heat of my hard-on. Not just then, but every hour of every day.

Jake and Jen

Keeping Her Job

At the office Christmas party, my boss ground his hard cock against me as we danced. Under other circumstances, I would have taken that handsome stud home and fucked his balls off, but I didn't think it was wise to fuck around at work, so I demurely pulled away.

My attitude changed abruptly, though, a couple months later when the company announced some wholesale layoffs. My job is good and my salary is wonderful, and I didn't intend to lose that job.

So, I walked into my boss's office, closed and locked the door behind me and said, "I don't want to lose my job. I'll do anything to save it. Anything."

My boss got the message, all right. He looked me over thoroughly, smiled wickedly, then said, "I think we might be able to save your job. Undress and tell me what you want."

I undressed in front of him, feeling both self-conscious and turned on. My nipples were stiff, and as I bared my pussy I could feel my juices seeping out of me, moistening my puffy labia.

I got on my hands and knees on his thick office carpeting and said, "I want you."

He shook his head and said, "No, that's not good enough. Tell me exactly what you want."

As he rose from his desk chair and casually undressed, I said, "I want your big cock up my cunt. I want you to fuck me from behind and pull out and shoot your hot cream all over my ass. Then I want you to feed me your cock and spray

my face with your nasty cum."

That did it. The man was kneeling behind me, stuffing his thick hard-on up my cunt from behind in seconds. He reamed my quivering cunt mercilessly, pounding his hips against my backside relentlessly, fucking me so hard my ass shook each time his hips slammed into me, and my dangling titties shook even more forcefully than my asscheeks.

The man is a master cocksman, there's no doubt about that. My pussy was buzzing and fluttering, and I found it surprisingly arousing to be submissive, to allow myself to be dominated by my boss.

"I found it surprisingly arousing to be submissive, to allow myself to be dominated by my boss."

His deep cock thrusts made my head swim, and I gasped, my pussy fluttered madly, and I came hard, my entire body shaking, just seconds before he buried his bone to the hilt and then pulled out, painting my ass with blast after blast of his hot spunk.

He sat back on his heels, watching as I reached back and smeared his gooey stuff all over my ass, rubbing it down my crack, reaming my own ass while he watched avidly.

Then he moved around in front of me and I swallowed his limp dick, using lips, tongue and teeth to resurrect his meat, smacking my lips around his cock, lewdly slurping up the residue of our fuck, moaning as I tasted that exotic mixture of my cunt cream and his cum.

Before long, his cock was stiff, and I tightened my lips around it, plastering my tongue to its underside, and frantically thrust my head back and forth, fucking my boss with my face.

It took at least five minutes, and my jaws ached, but I got him off. He pulled out and shot his hot sauce all over my face. His thick cum dribbled down my chin, streamed down my cheeks. I tongued some of it into my mouth, moaning as I savored its taste, swallowing it, as I sat up and rubbed his sticky spunk into my face like it was facial cream.

He smiled approvingly and said, "Tomorrow, I want you to lie naked on my desk and masturbate. Then I want to fuck your ass. Then, I think I can probably guarantee you some job security."

My whole body trembled in anticipation. I thanked him and told him I was looking forward to the next day—and that was no lie!

Janie and Frank

A Real Shocker

Sandy became the office flirt as

soon as she came to work for our company. She was hired as a receptionist, but she didn't spend much time at it. Most of her day was spent prancing around in her revealing clothes and talking with the men.

What a looker! I'm a guy that's pushing forty, but that little tease sure made me feel young again. She was only nineteen, and still she had the lithe, womanly look.

Her short skirts did wonders for her shapely legs. They showed that little butt of hers in a nice way, too. She did very little to conceal her breasts. Some of her tops were cut so low that her nipples were almost popping out. Office dress codes didn't seem to apply to her. She wore all her blondish hair loose and flowing.

She came into my office one morning in the early spring, flaunting her figure and pursing her lips. I just enjoyed the show. Then she pulled a real shocker. She had on a tiny blue skirt and a white vest that left her midriff bare. Her navel was showing, and then some. She wore no stockings. Suddenly she spun around, showing me her legs.

"How do you like my spring tan?" she asked me.

I told her that I loved it. I was pretty sure that she had shown me just a peek of her bare fanny. She had no panties on.

"You'll never guess where I've been laying out."

I shook my head and smiled at her.

"Up on the roof of this building," she said. "I go up there on my lunch hour. It's great. I can go nude up there."

"What if someone like me should come up there to visit you, Sandy?" I asked her, still smiling.

She gave me a big wink. "Well," she said to me, "I guess you'd see me without my clothes on."

Just before lunch she came by my office door with a red towel and suntan lotion in her hand.

"I'll be up on the roof for the next hour, Mr. Baxter," she said as she passed.

That sure sounded like an invitation to me! I waited a minute and then went up to the third floor. That floor is just a big, unfinished storage area. There's a ladder in one corner of it that leads to a hatch that opens to the roof. I saw that the hatch was open.

When I climbed the ladder and peeked over the top of that hatch, there was Sandra out on the middle of the flat roof. She was about thirty feet from me, and she was just spreading her towel out. The girl was looking up at the sky as she peeled her vest off. Nothing underneath! Those full titties seemed to rise up, the pink nipples rising to the sun, stiffening. She kicked her shoes off as she was getting out of her skirt.

Then she was nude, the light breeze fanning the wispy blonde patch between her legs. Her young body was perfect, smooth and lean, the legs tapered. When she stretched out on the towel on her tummy, I couldn't believe how nicely rounded

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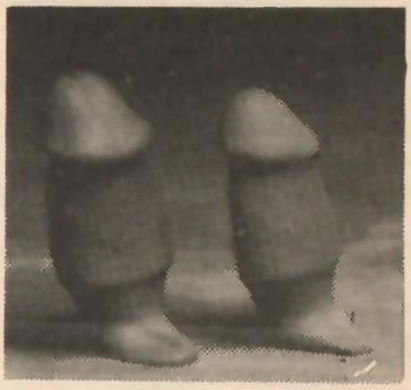

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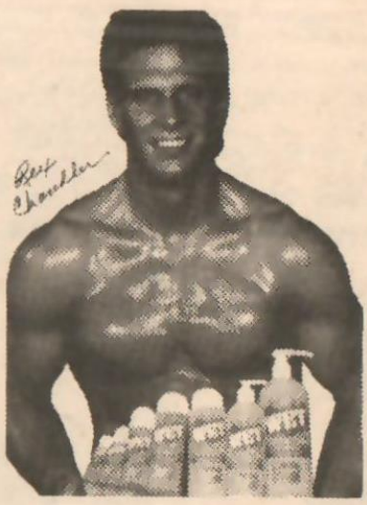

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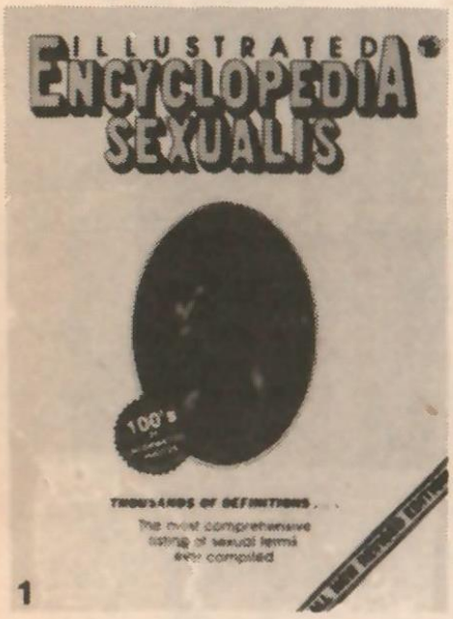

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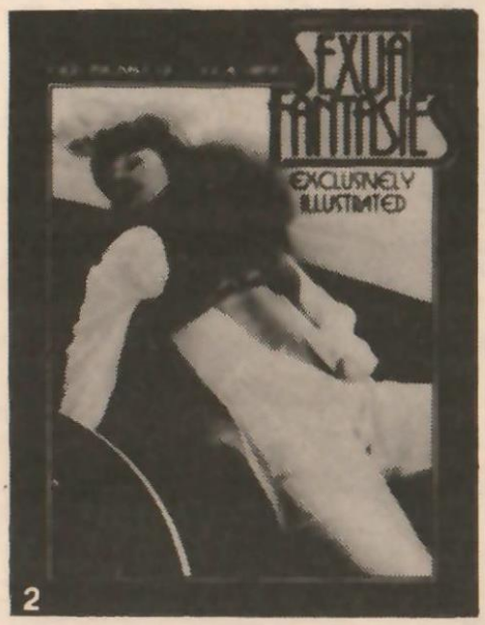

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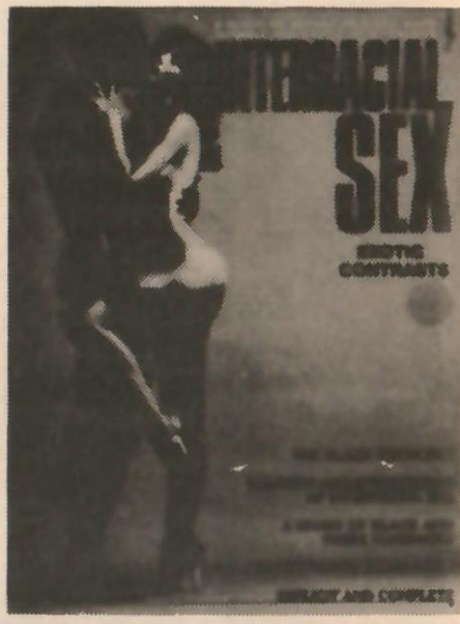

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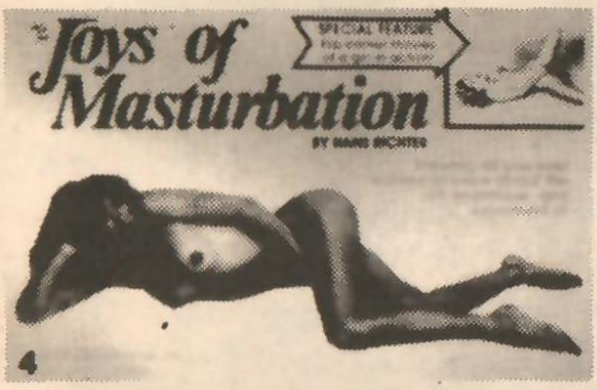

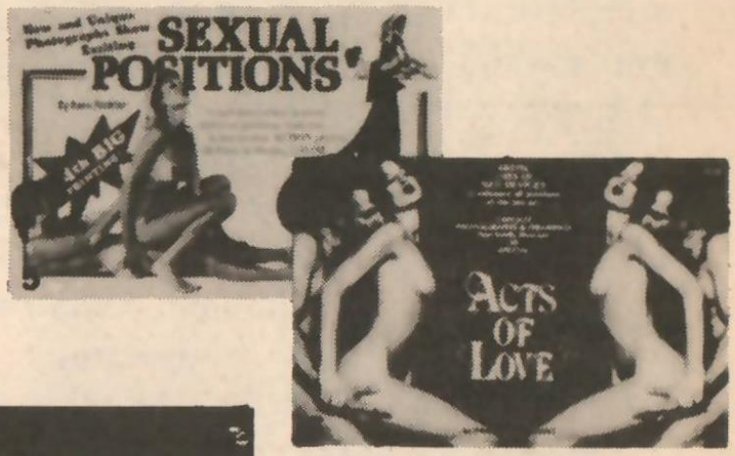

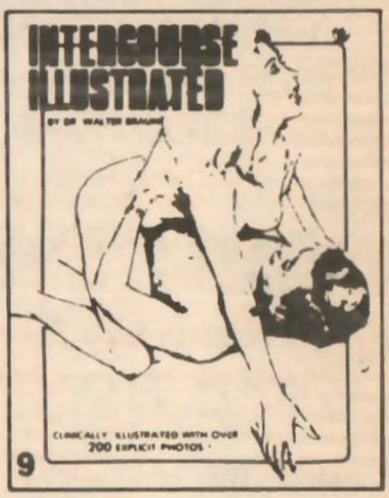

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that bare fanny of hers was.

She lay there, her head resting on her arms, all that blonde hair of hers falling around her shoulders, her bare feet slightly apart.

I got up my nerve and climbed onto the roof. Then I walked toward her. She didn't hear me approaching until I was just a few feet from her. Her eyes were closed. She opened them when she heard my footsteps. That girl wasn't one bit shy about being naked in front of me.

"Hi, Mr. Baxter," she said to me with a big smile. "It's really nice and private up here, isn't it? Why don't you sit down?"

She moved over a little on her towel, and I sat down beside her. Sandy didn't make the slightest move to cover her nudity. It was sure a temptation to just reach out and touch that round fanny.

The girl raised herself up on one elbow, propping herself up so that those sweet nipples were showing. Now that's what I call first-class exhibitionism.

We talked for a few minutes, just office gossip, while she lay there making a display of her bare body. She wiggled her toes in the air while she pursed her lips. She wagged her buttocks each time a breeze blew over them.

I finally had to get bold. "I'll bet you've got the smoothest little behind in town, Sandy," I said to her. "I'll just bet that it's totally smooth to the feel."

She said just what I wanted to hear. "Why don't you feel it and find out?" she said with a giggle.

As she spoke, she lay back down, her arms stretched forward, totally available. Then she plumped her butt up as though to welcome my hand.

I went right to it. I gently placed my hand on that sweet ass and then started slowly rubbing it. A quiet sigh came from Sandy's lips. She liked being felt! I started tickling that butt, making that girl squirm, but she didn't ask me to stop. Instead, she just lay there, giggling. I was having such a good time that I just had to give her a few pinches.

I was pretty surprised when she flipped over to completely reveal herself. She was still squirming.

"All of me needs attention, you know," she said as she spread her arms out to her sides.

What a sight! She was on her back in the sunshine, nude and asking to be attended to. What a turn-on to twiddle those pinkish nipples. They got stiff as I flipped them back and forth. Her pussy started dancing when she began bouncing her naked buttocks up and down.

I opened her legs and cupped that puss with my hand. Her feet skittered around on the towel as I manipulated the tender outer lips. She was getting me harder than I'd ever been in my life.

"Lunch hour won't last forever," Sandy said in a low voice. "Why don't we get to the real thing?"

Unbelievable! That feminine work of art was asking to be made love to. I fairly jumped out of my clothes.

She was coming at me when I was barely undressed, wrapping herself into my embrace.

We went straight at it, and that girl was so nice and moist. She wrapped her legs around me as I worked myself into her hungry love mound. Her sweet vagina clutched at my tool as I entered her. When I pressed it up to the hilt, she let out a long, low moan and thrust her heaving titties into my chest. That girl didn't seem to mind that we were out on a roof. She flopped around like we were in a feather bed.

What a joy to get those nipples into my mouth. I could feel her pussy getting even hotter as I used my tongue to tease them. That made me get even harder. I was forgetting where we were.

Then I got her legs from around me. I put mine around hers and gripped us together, making us even tighter into each other. Sandy loved it. So did I. That beauty started rocking herself at me.

She began tonguing my face, kissing me with her full lips.

"I'm going to come," she whispered when I was stroking her hair and kissing her neck.

We got off together. Sandy was a regular volcano, and she made me feel like one. There was no way that she only had one orgasm. She kept going so long that it had to be at least three.

I'll have to admit that I lost it when I shot into her.

It was just so great. She was just so great. The feeling that swept over me was totally overwhelming.

That was the start of a great spring and summer. At least three times a week we'd get together up on that roof. Sandy kept up her sunbathing until the fall months. She only quit when the weather simply got too chilly for her.

It didn't matter. Now we just get together by the fireplace in her apartment and watch the snow fall while we have our fun!

Ron and Sandy

Toilet Habits

I'm a twenty-four-year-old young woman and must admit that I knew nothing about panty-pooping as a sexual fetish until a few months ago. My boyfriend and I had just gone out to dinner, and followed that with a walk in the park. We were heading back to his apartment for sex when I mentioned how bad I had to go to the bathroom. After a big dinner, and a long walk in the park (where the bathrooms were closed), I had to poop really, really bad.

His knowing of my emergency only made the situation worse—as he wanted me to poop in my panties—and deliberately drove slower. When he fumbled with his keys at the door, I just couldn't hold it anymore. Standing right there at his apartment door, I took a dump in my pants.

I started crying because I was so embarrassed. Imagine having an accident at age twenty-four, and as-

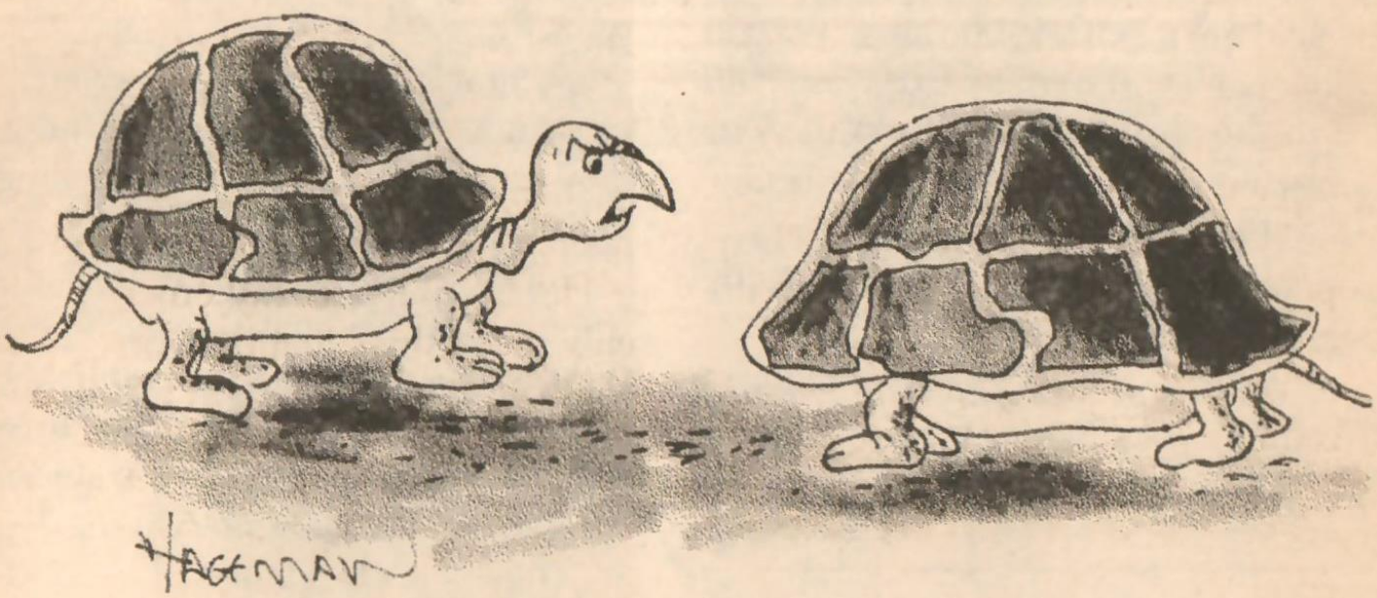
sumed that the evening was ruined because he'd never want to make love to me after this happened.

But his reaction was far from that. He started hugging and kissing me, telling me that everything was all right, and that there was no reason for me to go home (as I'd asked him to take me home). He then started to rub my behind, feeling the big dump of poop through my panties and jeans.

I was just about to pull away and yell at him like he was crazy or something, but then I felt his dick rubbing against my leg. Now, my boyfriend is pretty well hung and he gets really big and hard for sex, but this time he was unbelievable. It was just too good to be true. It ran halfway down his leg. Feeling that monster rubbing against me, I was too horny to wonder why he was feeling up the lump in my pants.

I never even made it to the bathroom as we started making out on his living room floor. I just about got my jeans down to my knees when he pulled the crotch of my panties to one side and stuck it in me. That dick of his really stretched my insides, but I took it all.

I was in so much ecstasy that I didn't even care about the load in my panties. He rode me so hard that I got shit on the floor, but it was obvious that my pooping accident had ignited something in him, and right now I was reaping the benefit of it. It is impossible to describe what he did to me that afternoon, it was just pure, uninterrupted pleasure.



"How come every time I mention sex, you find something to do in the house?"

Afterwards, while I was catching my breath and coming back down to earth, he'd confessed that he'd always been turned on by the idea of girls messing in their panties and that me standing there with a big lump in my tight jeans was the sexiest thing he'd ever seen. He then apologized for driving so slow, admitting that he was trying to make me have an accident.

That much I had already figured out, but I told him there was no need to apologize for that, he more than made up for it on the living room floor. My boyfriend had always been a performer sexually, but when pooped panties are involved, he's simply an orgasm machine for me.

These days I oblige him with an "accident" whenever I can, and afterwards I'm always on the receiving end of something really great. Panty-pooping is not something that turns me on, but it's not something that is that awful, either. I mean, when you do it, all you have to do is wash it off in the shower and clean out your panties. It's really nothing to be disgusted by or ashamed of.

I'll poop in my panties for a really good fuck, any day!

Stephanie and Barry

Underwater Sex

While touring in Mexico, I parked in an RV park at Chetumal, where I planned on staying for about a month. I was anxious to learn scuba diving and view the beautiful coral reefs of the Caribbean Sea.

At the RV office, I met the owner, Bob, an American, and his daughter, Fay, who evidently had a Mexican mother. She was a beautiful woman about twenty, with long black hair hanging to her waist. Her trim figure, dressed in shorts and halter, would have looked fine on a centerfold pinup. Then I noticed a gold band on her finger and decided I should keep my eyes off her, for Mexican men are very jealous husbands.

I had picked this park, as they advertised scuba diving lessons, but when I asked Bob about lessons the next day, he said he couldn't give them until he got the cast off his broken leg, which was another three weeks.

Fay entered the office and speaking to her dad, said, "I could give him lessons as well as you could. You know I'm as good a diver as you."

After a long pause, Bob looked at me and asked, "Would you have any objections to a woman teaching you scuba diving?"

I looked at the sparkle in Fay's eyes and the seductive smile on her face, then scanned her body quickly, saying, "No objections if her husband doesn't mind, and if I'm able to keep my mind on scuba diving."

They both laughed good-naturedly. Then Bob said, "Her husband is no problem, for she lost him last year in an auto accident. But if you don't keep your mind on breathing, you'll find the salt water uncom-

fortable in your lungs. That's why we start your training in the cove here, where the water isn't over four foot deep."

So it was settled. Bob would teach the principles, and Fay would follow up with the practical application. After Bob lectured all morning, Fay and I went to the cove for my first underwater lesson.

She wore a swimsuit made of one piece of material about six inches wide, worn like a loin cloth on a string around her hips and split at her pubes, going up over her luscious breasts, joining behind her neck.

As she swam, the air tank harness worked the strips of cloth covering her boobs off to the side, exposing her lovely breasts. For a while, she kept pulling them back in place, only to have them slide off again.

I wrote a note on my underwater slate, saying, "Not to worry, I enjoy."

She wrote me a note saying, "Enjoy today, tomorrow, different suit."

I laughed, lost my mouthpiece, sucked water in my lungs and had to stand up, coughing up water for several minutes.

She surfaced and scolded me for losing my concentration on breathing, then asked, "What would you have done if you were fifty foot deep and that happened?"

It taught me a lesson I hope never to forget. As we swam, I kept admiring her beautiful breasts with acorn-size nipples. By the time our air ran low, my dick was holding my trunks out in front like a cowcatcher on a railroad train. I walked up to the office carrying my air tank in front of me, with her chuckling every time she glanced over at me.

"We remained joined together, not wanting our feelings of rapture to fade, as we slowly drifted over the coral, enjoying the pleasure of each other's body."

For three days we swam in the shallow cove, then swam out of the cove to deeper water. After two days, I was quite comfortable with breathing through the mouthpiece, and was ready to see the coral reefs.

The next day, we loaded our diving gear in one of the small boats tied at their wharf and headed out to sea. We went out about fifteen miles, then she pointed over the side of the boat.

I looked down through the crystal clear water and saw the multicolored coral slipping by under the boat. She cut the motor and dropped anchor.

As we strapped our air tanks on, I noticed that Fay was mumbling, so

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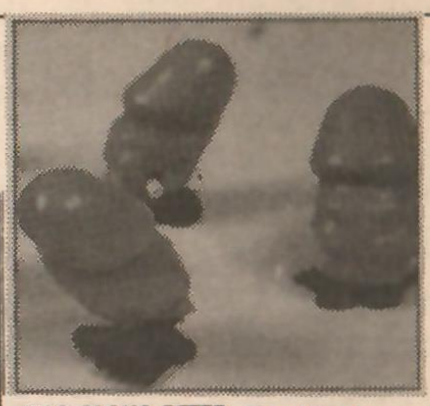

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I asked, "What's wrong?"

She replied, "This damn knot on my top is right under the back plate."

Her suit was heavy woolen material, the top looking like a halter and gathering for a knot on her back. After several attempts to reposition it, she finally said, "To hell with it, you've seen them before."

She dropped her top on the deck, then turned facing me with light tan breasts protruding from the scuba harness and dark nipples sitting on swelled-out areolas of dark orange color. I immediately felt a twinge in my scrotum and my cock started throbbing.

She said, "You don't mind, do you? I know he doesn't."

She was looking at my crotch, which was rapidly pushing my trunks out as I looked at her beautiful naked breasts.

I said, "There should be a law against covering anything that beautiful and I don't see why you need those bottoms on, either."

As I glanced down, her hands went to the knot on her hip, then paused and looking at my trunks, she said, "I will if you will."

Without hesitating, I stepped out of my trunks, allowing my stiff pole to point at her bare beaver, like a bird dog on point. We stood for several minutes, looking at each other, then she stepped over the boat seat that had separated us, to stand just inches from me. Her eyes remained on my tool and she lightly touched him with her fingertips.

My hands moved up, fondling her firm breasts, then she wrapped her hands around my joy stick, slowly moving them over his length. After a few moments, she turned her face up, looking into my eyes, inviting a kiss. Our lips joined for several minutes in a passionate kiss while her hands slid my cockhead up and down her valley of love.

Suddenly, she stepped back, pointed to a fishing boat on the horizon and said, "Let's dive."

We both fell over backwards into the water and, as we drifted down, she reached out and grabbed my dick, pulling it toward her furry nest. I put my hands on her breasts, fondling them and rolling her nipples between my finger and thumb. As she stroked my dick with both hands, it became rock-hard. Then she started sliding the head in her valley and over her clit.

Her hips began hunching as her desire to feel him inside her increased. She entwined her legs around mine and guided him into her warm love tunnel, then placed her hands on my hips. The water offered so much resistance that our to and fro motion was very slow.

The water pushed out from between our bodies, propelled us in a circle. At times we were near the surface, then a few minutes later, we were passing close to the beautiful pink and yellow coral on the reef. As the time passed, our emotions slowly built to an apex.

It was impossible for us to speed up our movements as we neared

orgasm, so she clamped her arms around my chest, pulling us together. I lost my hold on her breasts, so I grabbed ahold of her asscheeks, crushing them each time I hunched.

Her cunt muscles began to spasm, clamping down on the engorged head of my dick, triggering surge after surge of cum to gush against her gaping cervix. Her cunt muscles continued milking until I began to soften, then she changed to a very slow pumping rhythm.

We remained joined, not wanting our feelings of rapture to fade, as we slowly drifted over the colorful coral, enjoying the pleasure of each other's body. Soon, my erection returned and our body movements propelled us in circles until we eventually attained the ultimate of human pleasure.

As we floated in ecstasy, weightless above the heavenly colors of the Caribbean coral, she suddenly looked at her watch and frantically signaled she was out of air. We swam to the surface, where we breathed heavily for several minutes.

We couldn't believe our underwater passion lasted so long and that our one-hour tanks were empty. She has ordered larger air tanks, so we will be able to extend our scuba lessons to two hours per dive.

Maurice and Fay

Mystery Date

I'd like to tell you how I came to enjoy the fucking of older men more than I do that of most of the younger ones.

I'd been into fucking for about two years. I dearly loved the feel of a cock in my cunt, but frankly, I sometimes got impatient with the "Wham-bam-thank-you-ma'am" type of fucking that my boyfriend, Irwin, was giving me.

No matter how he'd promise that this time he'd keep up his hard-on until I was ready to call it quits, it never seemed to work out that way. My cunt would be crying for more cock so I could come some more, but his dick would shoot out its jism and go soft and I'd be left still horny.

I lived with my older sister and, as my room was on the far side of the house, Irwin could crawl in my window and we could get it on without anyone being the wiser. I'd simply prop the window open with a stick whenever I wanted him to come in. But, like I said, he always left me with a dissatisfied cunt. So one night when my pussy was begging for some action, I decided to hell with him; I'd use my new vibrator instead.

I pulled down the shade on my window and stretched out on the bed. I fingered my clit until my cunt was moist. Then I turned on the vibrator and inserted it just inside my cuntal lips. By varying the speed of the vibrator around my clit, I made myself come pretty quick. I came a couple of times, then gently shoved it deep inside of me. I made myself so hot that I began to crave a cock. I turned out the lights and propped

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up my window with the stick. I hoped it wasn't too late for Irwin to notice it and come in.

As I lay there in the dark, I got hotter and hotter. I was happy to see a shadowy form throw a leg over the sill and crawl in. Happy because Irwin was here and I was going to get fucked—even though I knew it wouldn't be everything I wanted.

Neither Irwin or I ever spoke very much so that my sister and her husband wouldn't hear us. In the darkness of the room, I watched him strip off his clothes. I opened my legs and he guided his cock into my cunt.

The instant his shaft sank into me, I knew it wasn't Irwin. Whoever it was, he was pushing it in me with a lot more finesse than he ever used. This man pushed it in my cunt a bit, then rocked it around so I could feel it pressing on my quivering walls. Then he backed it out a bit. The next stroke went in a little deeper, stopped again, then rocked some more. When the head of his cock was nudging the spongy stuff at the bottom of my cunt, he rotated his ass so that the whole length of his rod was twisting and turning, sending sparks of exquisite sensations all through me.

Yes, I knew it wasn't Irwin, but I'd be damned if I was going to stop whoever it was. It felt too good. It was all that I'd dreamed a fuck should be.

As he continued to work his cock in and out of my cunt, he lowered his head to my tits. He tongued the areola around a nipple, then gently took the nipple between his lips. While he nursed on it, his fingers rolled the other nipple until it was hard and rigid.

Then both of his hands slid under me and his fingers rippled down my back until they reached the cheeks of my ass. They extended into its crack and felt around until they found my asshole. I had already come twice. But I had neither the will nor desire to stop his probing fingers. I even helped him. I raised my ass off the bed by wrapping my legs around his hips.

When his fingers sank into my bunghole, I moaned and came again. He put his lips to my ear and whispered that if I liked that, I should turn over and he'd give me some greater thrills. I had stopped wondering who he was—I didn't care. I was in heaven and I'd do anything he wanted. I rolled over and got to my hands and knees. When I lowered my face to the pillow, my ass stuck up in the air.

I reached back and held the cheeks apart for him. At first I thought his fingers were what I felt pressing on the rim of my back hole. But when his arms encircled my thighs and his fingers dipped into my cunt, I knew it was his cock that was being inserted into my ass.

I braced myself, anticipating I don't know what, when it went in. But, beyond an initial discomfort, there was nothing but exhilaration filling my insides. I squirmed my ass into his crotch.

When I gasped that I was coming, he held me tight. His cock throbbed and pulsed for an instant before he

groaned and ejaculated his load of jism into my asshole. The warm, slippery stuff washed its way up my hole, producing an electrifying thrill, such as I'd never felt before.

After we'd wiped ourselves off with towels, he leaned back on the pillows and lit a cigarette. In the light of the match, I saw his features. It was my sister's husband!

My first instinct was to tell him to get the hell out of there. But as I recalled the pleasures his cock had given me, I realized I'd be begging for more on future nights. But I did ask him for an explanation.

Keeping his voice to a whisper, he told me that he'd seen Irwin sneaking in my window a couple of times. He'd figured out the meaning of the propped up window. When he saw it was that way tonight, he decided to take advantage of it. He hoped I didn't mind. Naturally, I told him I didn't mind at all. In fact, I looked forward to a lot more of the same.

Poor Irwin. I feel kind of sorry for him. I only prop the window open for him about once every two weeks now. After all, he is my boyfriend and I figure he deserves to get his nuts off once in awhile.

My sister's husband, though, is a different matter. He's welcome to crawl in my window anytime.

Pamela and Mark

Hot Tit-Fuck

I'm a temp—you know, a gal who works on a temporary basis for a lot of different companies.

Being a "temp" is exciting because you never know exactly what you'll be doing next, but I've never, ever had excitement on the job like that I encountered last week—and I've just got to share it with you.

Until three days ago I hadn't worked for several weeks. That's because I was in the hospital, having a baby.

So everything was fine and I was home and nursing the baby when the phone rang. It was Bob, a man I'd worked for several times. Said he couldn't get my agency to call me for him because of the new baby, so he'd found my home phone number himself—and could I *please* come work for him.

Well, I explained that I was nursing the baby and would have to bring him.

He said, "That's okay." Then he said he'd pay double my regular wages if I'd come in that evening.

You bet I said yes. I was at the office at 4:30, the time everyone else leaves, and Bob greeted me with a big smile. Then his eyes focused on my boobs—and his smile got wider.

I could understand his look. You see, I'm a little gal, only five-foot one-inch, and one hundred and two pounds, and normally carry C-cup boobs. They're nice, but with nursing the baby and all, my boobs had developed almost two sizes larger!

Well, as I said, Bob really turned on when he saw my super-boobs.

"Wow!" he exclaimed, "You do look *sharp!*"

Oo la la! Bob had a huge hard-on bulge in his pants. I felt a tingle in my pussy. Seeing Bob's cock bulge and his looking at my boobs that way really had me turned on. Knowing we'd be alone together in that office gave me a devilish idea—I'd really turn Bob on.

Time to feed the baby. As Bob came over to bring me more work, I unfastened my blouse, opened my bra, and. . .Bob's cock bulge damned near split his zipper when he saw my erect chocolate nipple disappear into my baby's mouth.

"Mmmmm!" he moaned.

Bob's eyes were undressing me. I grinned up at him, then nodded toward my other boob, shrugged open my blouse, and whispered, "One jugg for the baby and one for you!"

"Mmmm," Bob moaned, and dropped to his knees beside me, cupping my bra-bound milkjugg. Fire shot through my boobies.

Shudders swept from my pussy and up my spine, over and over again. As the baby finished, I gasped, "Unfasten my bra, Bob."

Milk was dripping from my nipple as I placed the baby back into its bed. Moments later, my bra was on the floor. Then Bob's lips were closing on the nipple my baby had just released, closing on the nipple and sucking hard.

"God! I love your milk!" he gasped.

"Ooohhhh!"

Wave after wave of pleasure swept through my boobs and pussy as Bob cupped my heavy orbs and

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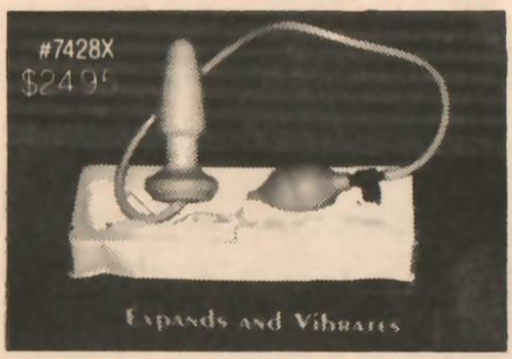

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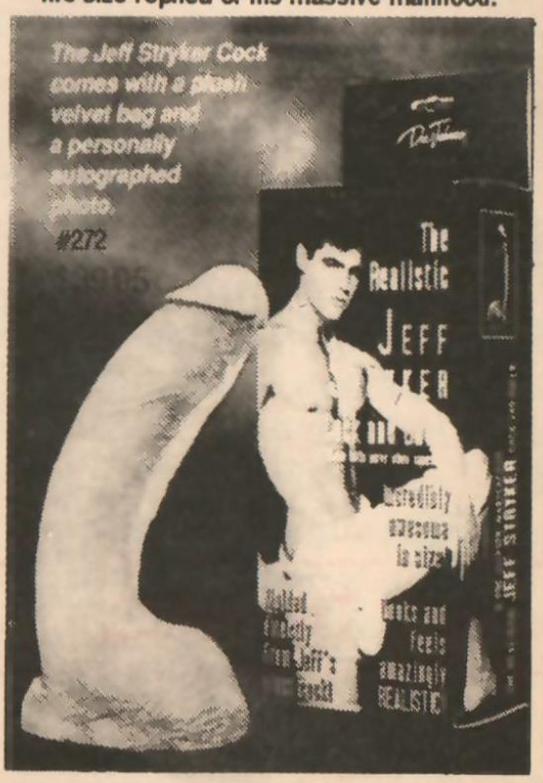

See page 96 to order

sucked on my erect nipples, eagerly gulping down my flowing milk. I knew there was only one thing that would calm me now.

"Drink my milk and, oohhhh, fuck me, Bob!" I gasped.

Bob's a hunk at six-foot two-inches and two hundred and forty pounds, an ex-football player. He picked me up, one hand under my knees and one under my back, and carried me to the sofa in his office. Moments later, our clothes were on the floor and Bob was standing over me, his cock stiff and straight over a huge pair of tight balls.

"Going to tit-fuck you first, baby," he whispered, as he slid his cock between my tits. "Tit-fuck you and get some of that nice milk all over my cock."

Oh shit! Did his hot cock action ever milk my super-tits! Milk spurted from my swollen nipples, ran down over my tits and all over his hot cock, lubricating his supercharged cock action.

"Ooohhhhh! Oooohhhhhh!" I moaned and moaned. When I couldn't stand it any longer, I gasped out, "Bob, I want you inside me!"

Pre-cum was dripping from Bob's rock-hard cock as he withdrew his milky fucktool from between my tits. I was ready, and I knew exactly how I wanted to be fucked.

"Let me ride your cock," I gasped.

Bob sat back on the sofa, his hard cock sticking straight up a good ten inches into the air. I straddled him, then reached for and positioned his swollen pre-cum-dripping cockhead against my wet and waiting pussy lips.

"Ooohhh!" Both of us moaned with pleasure as I lowered my pussy onto Bob's huge fucktool. Soon Bob's cock was completely inside my wet love tunnel, pressing hard against my erect and super-sensitive clit.

Up and down! Up and down! Slowly at first and then faster and faster, I began to piston my throbbing pussy over Bob's tool. That's when he cupped and squeezed my fleshy tit-meat—and sent a stream of milk shooting from my nipple and against his massive chest.

"Milk spurted from my swollen nipples, then ran down my tits and all over his hot cock."

Oh God! The pleasure of warm milk spurting from my erect nipple combined with the fire shooting through my clit almost got me off! I could tell from the way Bob's cock jumped that it also excited him.

"Harder!" I gasped. "Squeeze my tit harder!"

This time Bob really twisted my tit and squeezed hard—sending warm milk spurting right at his waiting mouth.

"Mmmmm!" Bob moaned and

licked the milk from his lips—and I came!

Did I ever come! Shudders began in my hot pussy and then swept through my entire body. My tortured mind spun with the fuck-pleasure, then went completely out of control, and I'd have blacked out and collapsed in a heap if Bob hadn't held me tight.

I rested a few moments to regain my mind, and then began to hump Bob's super-hard cock again. Up and down! Up and down! Up and down! Rasping over my clit like there was no tomorrow!

Once again, Bob twisted and squeezed my firm tits, squeezed them hard. Milk spurted all over. That was when I felt Bob's swollen cockhead twitch, knew he was about ready to come, and dropped my pussy to take his cock to the limit.

"Oooohhh!" We both came, came hard. Bob's thick, white-hot jism shot straight up inside me and tremendous come-shudders swept through my entire body as milk spurted from both nipples and splashed against Bob's chest.

Bob must have been hot as hell because his tight balls kept pumping gobs and gobs of hot jism up into me even as I was dropping into his massive arms—exhausted and satisfied. To top off a great fuck, the sweet mother's milk that started it all spurted from my nipples as I mashed my super-boobs into Bob's hairy chest. It spurted from my nipples and ran all over our bodies.

We held each other tight and close

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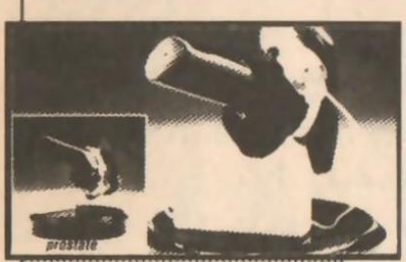

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as we slowly came down from our tremendous milky fuck-high. Then we rested on Bob's sofa together, enjoying the feel of each other's body, before cleaning up.

Needless to say, neither of us got any more work done that night. Or the night after—but that's another hot story. You see, that warm mother's milk in my super-juggs really inspired both of us again the next night. Bob insists it's the best drink on earth, and I know it got me the best fuck I've ever had.

Happy fucking, everybody, especially you new mothers with warm milk to give your special guy!

Dixie and Bob

Intimate Massage

I was so tired when I got off work last Friday, I was really looking forward to my weekly massage. You can imagine how disappointing it was to get to the gym and find that my regular masseur had called in sick.

Fortunately, Bertha, the newest member of the staff, was free and able to massage me in Ralph's place. Fortunate for me, but not for Ralph. Bertha was so good that I will probably never go back to him again.

I took off my clothes and stretched out on my stomach on the table. I had just gotten comfortable when Bertha entered the room. It was the first time I had seen her and she took me by surprise. She is a big girl, about five-foot-eight and about a hundred and fifty pounds, with long blonde hair and big blue eyes, and she has the biggest tits I have ever seen.

She flashed me a dazzling smile and asked me if I was ready. I nodded and closed my eyes. She went to work on my shoulders first, then she did my lower back, and then she moved down to massage my legs.

Her hands felt so good, I was almost asleep when she said, "I'll have to push this towel up some so I can do the tops of your thighs. Is that okay?"

"Of course," I told her. "Do whatever you want."

She pushed the towel up until it barely covered the cheeks of my ass and set to work massaging my thighs. I must have moaned because she asked me what I said. I just smiled and gave my head a shake. I was enjoying the feeling so much I didn't want to spoil it by talking.

She smiled, too, a sort of soft, secret smile—and her fingertips brushed against my pussy.

I must have jumped. I know it surprised the heck out of me.

She murmured, "Did I do something wrong?" and then her fingers tickled my clit.

I must admit I felt rather funny about having her touch me like that, but she was making me feel so good! Instead of protesting, I automatically spread my legs a little farther apart. She pushed a fingertip up inside my cunt and I couldn't keep from moving my ass.

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She told me to turn over onto my stomach. She was so commanding, I found myself doing whatever she said without once asking why. She looked deep into my eyes. Her blouse was open and I could see her big tits heaving as she breathed. I had never thought I could be turned on by a woman, but then, I had never met one as incredibly sexy as Bertha.

She bent down and locked her lips over mine. Then she pushed two more fingers up inside my pussy and finger-fucked it while she kissed me.

"You taste so good," she whispered when she released my lips. "And you feel so good."

She sucked my left nipple into her mouth and teased it with her tongue, then did the same for my right one. And then she moved down and sucked my clit into her mouth.

I almost jumped off the table, I got so excited. She grabbed my legs and held them apart and buried her mouth in my snatch. She licked and sucked her way all up and down my wet slit, licking my asshole and clit until I couldn't stand it anymore. Then she stuck her tongue up inside my cunt and tongue-fucked it until my whole body exploded with a powerful orgasm. And do you know what she did then? She finished massaging me as if nothing had happened!

I lay back and closed my eyes. I heard her say, "Wake up, Shari, it's time to go in the sauna," and I realized I must have fallen asleep.

Bertha walked me down the hall to the sauna. I thought she was just being helpful until I saw that she was coming in with me. We stepped inside and she closed and locked the door. Then she stripped off her clothes and tossed them in the corner. My Lord, *what* a body! She is the sexiest woman I have ever seen.

She lay back on the bench and spread her legs and started playing with her pussy. She had such a pretty little pussy. I really wanted to kiss it, but I had never done anything like that before and I wasn't quite sure how to go about it. I felt like an awkward child.

Smiling up at me, she said in a soft, silky voice, "Just put your face in my snatch, honey, and do whatever comes naturally."

I leaned forward and buried my face in her soft, blonde muff. She smelled so good and her pussy was so soft and furry! It wasn't long before I was licking her pussy like a pro.

She was moaning and rolling her ass around and I could tell she was going to come. I got real brave and stuffed two fingers up inside her cunt, and then I sucked one of her nipples into my mouth and rolled it around with my tongue.

She went wild, for a minute I was sure she was going to buck me off onto the floor. It was very satisfying. Then she let out a shriek and her pussy walls began squeezing my fingers.

I held my fingers up inside her until her pussy walls stopped pulsing, and then I gave her a long, wet kiss. And then she licked my pussy until I came again. She was so good.

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I left the gym that day swearing I would never let anyone but her massage me from now on.

Shari and Bertha

Crude Lay

I can't understand women. For example, Valerie, who works in our office, is a dream of a brunette with brown eyes and a tiny nose. She wears white blouses that accentuate her D-plus boobs and tight skirts that show off her curvy hips and ass. But in spite of these heavenly qualities, that seem to be an invitation to grab a feel, she is distant and even snooty. But there's more.

She and I were working late one night and as we tucked the last file folder away, she sighed, "I guess it's time to go home to a ham and cheese sandwich and an evening of TV."

"My heart beat faster and my head reeled as I ogled her twin mountains of jiggling flesh."

With an opening like that I suggested that I take her out to dinner. I felt a little like a rag picker inviting a queen out but she accepted, though rather condescendingly I thought.

I took her to the most elegant restaurant I knew, because it seemed that nothing less would do. Then, as we finished eating, I remembered a twelve-year-old bottle of scotch I had been saving for a special treat and this seemed to be the occasion. I suggested that we go to my apartment for an after-dinner drink.

I don't think that the liquor had anything to do with it. You might say I was "drunk" with the fragrance of her perfume and having her all to myself for a couple of hours. We sat next to each other on the couch and I developed a bone-on. I couldn't take my eyes off her cleavage where her big bazooms pressed together.

I don't know what made me say it, but I murmured, "I'd give a month's pay to slip my hand into your bra."

She laughed and said, "That won't be necessary. You've already spent nearly that much on dinner."

I took that to mean to go ahead and feel, so I slipped my hand down the front of her dress. Then I clutched a handful of soft mammary and thumbed her nipple.

She giggled. "I said it was okay to feel, but I didn't tell you to play with it."

I pointed out that it wasn't fair that one tit should get all the attention, and I unbuttoned her blouse and unsnapped her bra. My heart beat faster and my head reeled as I ogled her twin mountains of jiggling flesh.

On an impulse I sucked one nipple then the other and heard her catch

her breath and moan, "Oooohhh!"

I had gone that far and wondered if she would hate me the next day, or what it would be like to work with her after that. But I decided I might as well be hung for a wolf instead of as a sheep and tugged on the zipper at the side of her skirt.

It wasn't long before I had us both naked and her pubic hair tickled my palm as I diddled her clit. She gasped and moaned and I threw any restraint to the winds.

I whispered, "You sure have a juicy cunt!" and a throb went through my hard-on as I said it.

"My, but you're bold!" she said.

Thrills went through my cock and balls the way it always does when I talk dirty.

I said, "I'm going to fuck you tonight, baby." Then I added, "Get ready for the fucking of your life."

I put my hands behind her knees and pushed them up toward her shoulders. I looked down at her hairy bush and pink, glistening cunt lips that pushed through it and said, "Mmmm, what a beautiful snatch you have. I'll bet you've had a few cocks up it."

I looked down to watch my knob prod her pussy and said, "If you don't say stop, you're going to get six inches of cock in your cunt right now."

When she didn't say anything, I thrust my prick right into her hole. Her slick walls caressed the length of my shaft and I almost came, but I recovered and said, "Baby, your cunt was made for fucking. You ought to take on every man in the office and give him a good time."

I went on pumping and said, "Tell me you like it or I'll stop."

She whimpered, "Don't stop! I like it! I love it!"

"What am I doing to you?"

"You're fucking me! You're pushing your big hard cock into my sopping-wet cunt."

I muttered, "Come on, baby! Wiggle your ass! Make it good!" and as she wiggled, I shot my load and felt the thrill coursing through my body, but it didn't end there.

I lay back and shook my limp cock at her.

"Squeeze this between those big tits of yours and lick my knob," I growled. When my cock hardened up again I said, "Suck me off!"

She began to suck and I watched her pretty face and bobbing head. The sensation crept slowly through my entire body, and I gasped, "I'm going to come! Take it! Swallow my juice!" and with each wad I spurted into her mouth she gulped it right down.

As we dressed, I berated myself. I had let my passions overcome my good judgment. I had been vulgar and crude and imagined that Valerie would never speak to me again. But then, at the door, she kissed me and whispered, "Thank you for a wonderful evening." And she has come back twice, for more of the same, since then.

I tell you, I just don't understand women.

Walter and Valerie

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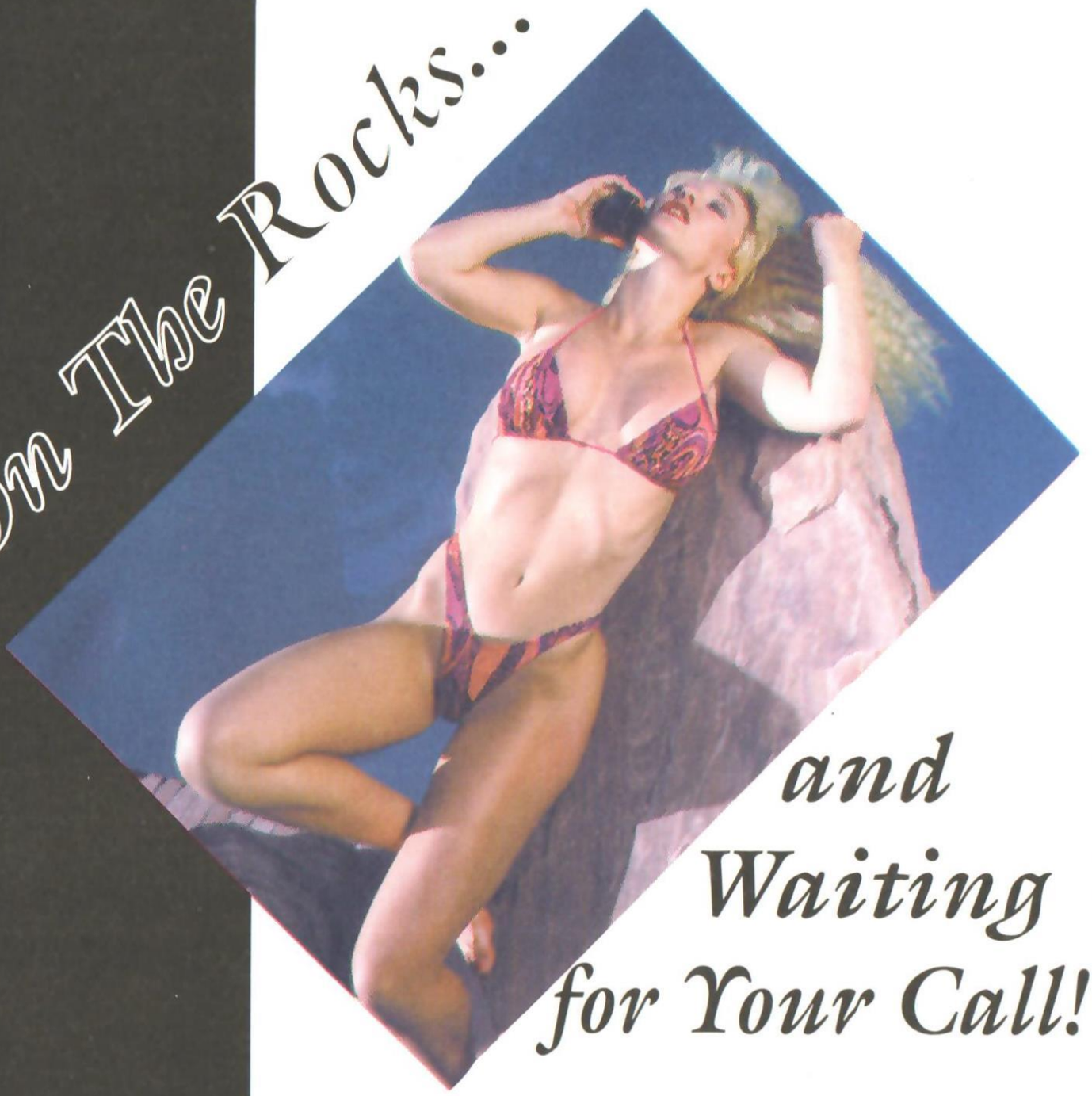

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